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## U.S. FORCES REGAIN GROUND IN KOREA

### Truman Orders Conscription; MacArthur Named C-in-C

By ROY MCCARTNEY

On The Korean Front, July 7.

American ground forces struck back and regained 10 miles of lost ground today under cover of smothering air attacks on Communist armour. Korea's skies buzzed with rocket-firing invader bombers which pinned down Northern tanks while G.I.'s, after two days on the run from heavily superior forces, took the initiative and probed north again.

## PEKING CLAIMS FOOTHOLD IN TIBET

London, July 7.

Chinese Communist radio reports indicated today that Peking has secured a foothold in the "Shangri-la" land of Tibet by installing commissions in monasteries near the Tibetan capital of Lhasa.

The Peking Radio reported that the abbots of the Sakya monastery, near Lhasa, have agreed "to exchange representation" with Communist China. The broadcast said some Chinese Communists had already arrived at Sakya. The monastery there is the headquarters of the "Red Hat" faction which for centuries has challenged the authority of the Dalai Lama, the present ruler of Tibet.

British officials reported that the Chinese Reds had already designated a "Tibetan People's Government" to further their plans to overthrow the Dalai Lama and place the Panchen Lama on the Tibetan throne. United Press.

Shooting Star jets and piston fighters kept the air clear of Communist warplanes.

General MacArthur's Tokyo communique said that the Communists pushed forward elsewhere along the front line, making contact with the defenders north of Munsu which is 25 miles east of Yong-tu. Chuanju, another 15 miles east, and then generally east to the coast.

He reported guerrilla activity in the east coast area near Yongdok. Naval patrols on both coasts bombarded oil tanks, bridges and attacked shipping. They were fired on from the shore without effect. Long lines of American infantry, clad in dark green, moved north today through deserted villages. Soon after passing through Chuanju, which is about 25 miles south of Suwon, desultory fighting broke out with the Northerners.

"GAVE THEM HELL"

A senior field commander summed up the situation as "four an infantry may have been because tanks are unable to accompany them. Thus far they have always moved with armour. We gave them hell from the air yesterday and bridges blown up during the withdrawal may be worrying them."

A Tokyo spokesman confirmed that the situation eased after Allied aircraft hit heavily at a column of Northern tanks and troops on the main road between Suwon and Chonan. He

emphasized that there had been no major engagement yet between North Korean and American troops. The spokesman said that Allied B26's, F80's, F51's, and F82's "jumped" a North Korean column of 1,000 troops and 40 to 60 tanks. No reports had been received yet but considering the air strength sent out headquarters was confident that the result would be "very gratifying."

### STRAGGLERS BACK

Many stragglers are reaching forward American lines, including three of the crew of a B26 shot down yesterday and survivors from the first infantry group overrun near Ogan on Wednesday. One heard, a captured G.I. who reached safety after a 20-mile trek from Ogan, commented: "We could have whipped them with equal numbers and enough ammunition."

A MacArthur Headquarters spokesman said at an evening briefing tonight that the situation had "slightly improved" in South Korea. He emphasized that no major engagement had yet taken place between North Korean and United States forces.

The spokesman said that the situation eased up after a force of Allied aircraft attacked a column of North Korean tanks and troops on the main road between Suwon and Chonan. On the eastern sector, the situation was still very inactive, the spokesman said. A few minor clashes occurred there between North Koreans

attacking and South Koreans counter-attacking.

Earlier, it was officially announced in Tokyo that the North Korean Fifth Division was probing south and west of Wonsu on the central front, with some elements moving westwards towards Ansong 10 miles of Pyongyang.

Enemy movements were also observed south from Kiyang and Anson. Guerrilla activity had been reported on the east coast area near Yongdok, 100 miles south of the 38th Parallel on the east coast, the announcement said.

In Washington it was announced that British ships, in the American Seventh Fleet, bombarded bridges and oil tanks north of Samchok, on the northeast coast of Korea. They were fired on from the beaches and retaliated.

Washington Army officials reported that the North Korean general headquarters had moved to Seoul from Pyongyang, the northern capital. They also reported that four submarines had been seen from the air at Chinnampo, reported for Pyongyang, but Navy officials were inclined to doubt the report.

### C-IN-C NAMED

Lake Success, July 7. The United Nations Security Council today authorized the United States to name General Douglas MacArthur, Commander-in-Chief of the international forces battling the Red Korean invaders.

The Council resolution also authorized use of the United Nations flag alongside national flags in the Korean war. The resolution was passed 7-0 with Egypt, India and Yugoslavia abstaining. United Press.

### U.S. CONSCRIPTION

Washington, July 7. The United States Government today ordered the use of conscription to bring military forces to the strength needed on the Korean war.

All the armed services were authorized to exceed the overall budget ceiling for military personnel. The Defence Department announced that overall ceilings on branches of the armed services, which had restricted their expansion, had been lifted.

Military enlistments also will be used to step up the size of the various services. The announcement did not contain any estimate of the new military expansion, but followed a White House meeting of President Truman and his Congressional and military advisers.

This meeting was followed by a White House conference attended by members of the National Security Emergency Board, of which Mr. W. Stuart Livingston is Chairman. The Board is responsible for the war-time mobilization of industry.—Reuter.

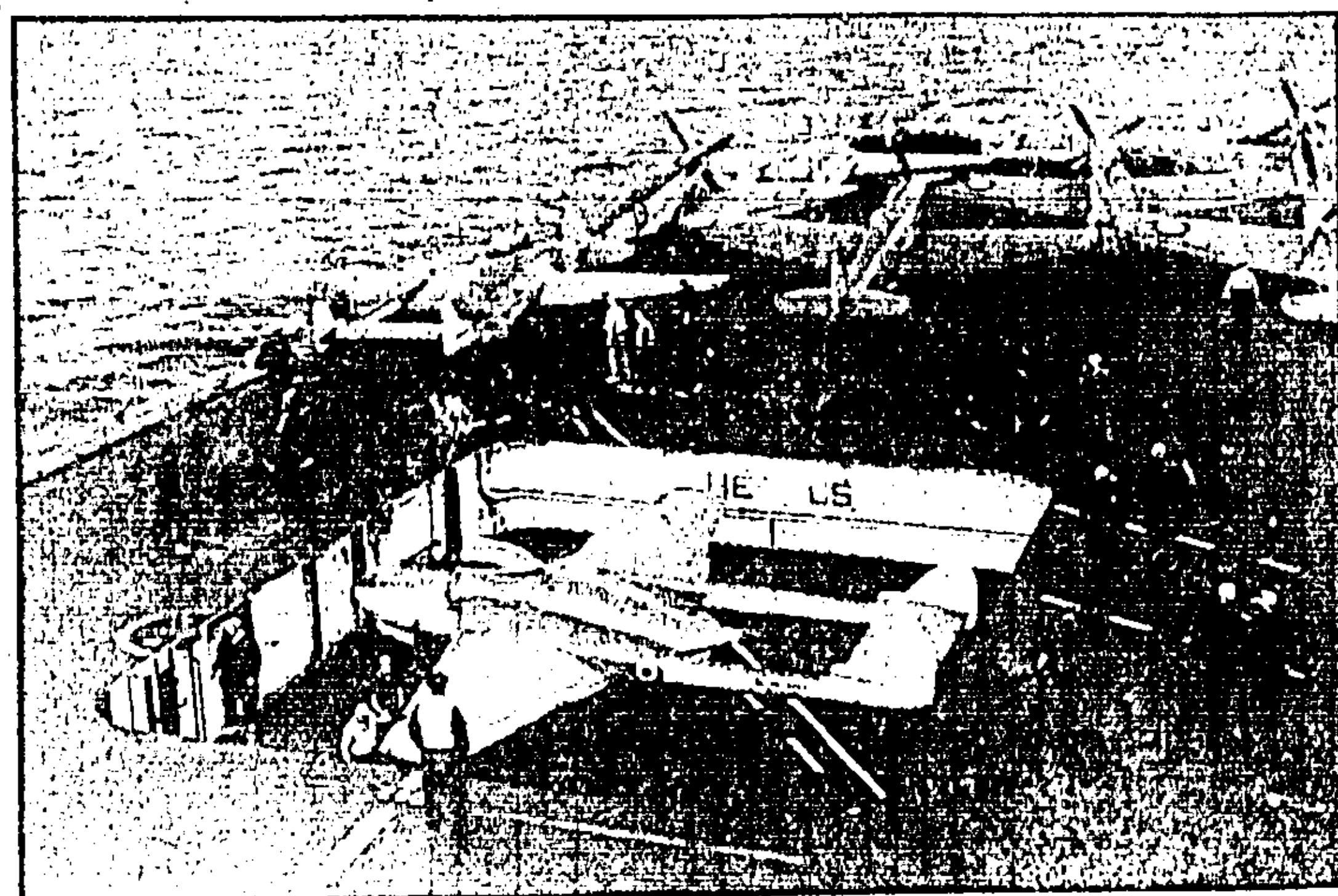
### DUTCH DESTROYER

The Hague, July 7. The 1,790-ton Dutch destroyer, Eversten, left the Surabaya naval base in Indonesia today for Korea, it was reported here. She has a crew of 230. The destroyer is the 10th contribution towards the United Nations aid to South Korea.—Reuter.

### More Troops For Indo-China

Algiers, July 7. The French ship, Montbellard, left Oran today with 800 French soldiers for Indo-China.—Reuter.

## At Sea With HMS Theseus



View of the flight deck of the light fleet carrier, HMS Theseus, showing Sea-fires of the RNVR and Vampire jet fighters of the Naval Air Command, at sea in recent training exercises. (Central Press)

## More Funds Wanted To Make H-Bomb

Washington, July 7.

President Truman today asked Congress for \$260,000,000 to speed the development of atomic bombs and push experiments on the hydrogen bomb. Mr Truman said that the money would be used to enable the Atomic Energy Commission "to build additional and more efficient plants" to carry out his directive of January 31 ordering work on the hydrogen bomb.

## Payments Union Set Up

Paris, July 7.

A Payments Union, which will link them, through Britain's membership, with the multilateral trading system of the sterling area—the world's largest—was agreed on today by 18 West European States.

The Finance Ministers of the "twelve" for European Economic Co-operation announced complete agreement on the European Payments Union after meeting this morning.

The United States will provide a working fund of dollars "to be used by the Marshall Aid plan. The Union is designed to secure the effects of a multilateral system of payments in Western Europe and dependent territories.

All bilateral surpluses and deficits between particular member countries will be offset by a combination of credits and debt payments. Each country is given a quota within which its surplus or deficit will be settled by the other countries, though reflecting the country's importance in intra-European trade.

Britain's quota, reflecting the trade of the whole sterling area, will be 27 percent of the total—roughly \$1,000,000,000. The Government's Union's accounts will be kept in a common unit related to gold.—Reuter.

## BULGARIAN PROTEST

Frankfurt, July 7. Bulgaria has again protested to Turkey over alleged Turkish violation of Bulgarian territory on June 10, the official Bulgarian news agency reported today.

The report mentioned here, also protested the "lying and slanderous" accounts of the incident by the Turkish Government and press. The Bulgarian note repeated the charges made in an earlier note of June 24 that three armed Turks in a jeep penetrated 600 metres into Bulgarian territory on June 10.—United Press.

The President said that the fundamental objective is to use atomic energy for peace, but he added: "Until this objective is achieved, however, we must strengthen our own defences by providing the necessary atomic energy capacity."

He pointed out in a statement that his January directive called on the Atomic Energy Commission "to continue its work on all forms of atomic weapons, including the hydrogen or fusion bomb."

"In this new undertaking (speeding the progress of the atomic energy programme), the Atomic Energy Commission has my complete confidence, based upon the able and vigorous leadership it has given to the atomic energy programme in the past."

Concerning the new money asked, President Truman said that the plants to be built would be "of advanced design" and their operation would "provide new knowledge that will speed the progress of the atomic energy programme."

"The expansion in the scope of our atomic energy programme gives added emphasis to the fact that atomic energy has great potentialities both for destruction and for the benefit of mankind," President Truman said.

The President's statement continued: "From the very outset, we have stood, and we continue to stand firm in our desire, for effective international control of atomic energy to ensure its use for peaceful purposes only."

"This is a fundamental objective to which this Government and the vast majority of the United Nations have committed their best effort, and agreement on this goal would make the facilities of our atomic energy enterprise fully available for peaceful purposes."

"Soviet Russia has consistently opposed plans for controls under which the United Nations would make rigid inspection to assure compliance." Mr Truman said that the new plants will provide materials which can be used "either for weapons or for fuels potentially useful for power purposes."—Reuter.

## Red Aussie Dock Union Resolution

Sydney, July 7.

The General Executive of the Communist-led Australian Seamen's Union today warned its members from transporting war materials to Korea.

The Union's Federal Secretary, Mr E. V. Elliott, announced this decision, and published a resolution passed by the Executive "condemning the dictatorial decision of the Prime Minister, Mr Robert G. Menzies, in ordering Australian naval seamen to submit to orders from the United States of America in its blatant interference in the domestic affairs of the Korean people."

All the members of the Executive but one are Communists.

The Union's ban affect nearly all Australian merchant seamen, the overwhelming majority of whom are members of the Seamen's Union.

**AUTHORITY EXCEEDED**  
The resolution said that Australian seamen would "mobilise opposition to Mr Menzies' aims to make Australia an American colony" and would "actively oppose interference in Korea by means of Australian forces or war materials."

It added: "The declared objective of the United States is to wage an aggressive war in all spheres, using the armed forces of other nations. In Korea, the Americans will fight to the last Australian." Mr Menzies, who is preparing for his departure for London on Sunday, was not available today to comment on the decision of the Seamen's Union's Executive.

Some officials said that the Executive had exceeded its authority in framing a policy on Korea. They said that the Executive was entitled only to make recommendations to a general meeting and no meetings of members had been held or called to discuss the policy at issue.—Reuter.

## BALKAN TROOP MOVEMENTS

Athens, July 7.

Unusual troop movements on the Yugoslav-Bulgarian border were reported by Salonika newspapers today. Press messages from the Greek-Yugoslav frontier said that Bulgarian troops, allegedly under the command of a Russian, General Vladimir, were concentrating in the triangle of Sveli Vratich-Kustendil-Breznik.

Bulgarian civilians had been evacuated from this area, the reports said. The Yugoslav forces along the frontier were also being strengthened, and some villages have been evacuated.

Sveli Vratich, the southernmost point of the triangle, is about 13 miles from the Greek frontier.—Reuter.

## EDITORIAL

### Off To A Good Start

GOVERNMENT has lost no time in making appointments to the newly constituted Public Services Commission and even congratulations on its choice of members, or, to put it another way, on persuading Sir Man-kam Lo and Mr J. R. Jones to undertake what could be onerous responsibilities. With Mr T. Megarry in the role of chairman, it gives all the appearance of a first-class team, mature enough to understand—and be patient with—the ways of men embarking on a career in the Civil Service, and, what is more, endowed with all other essential qualifications. Those who are destined to come under the microscope can be assured that they entrust themselves to good hands. Both unofficial members have legal experience and standards well qualifying them for the highest respect and esteem and both have had the long acquaintance with administrative affairs. Sir Man-kam Lo has been a member of the Legislative or Executive Councils, or both, for many years, and Mr J. R. Jones did an admirable job as Secretary of the Shanghai Municipal Council. One of his functions in that capacity had almost certainly a marked resemblance to the task he has agreed to fulfil on behalf of the Hongkong Government and those enrolled in its service. Neither member, in other words, joins the Commission and its exacting work without expert knowledge of what it entails. That is an excellent thing for a number of reasons. It is important for the undisputed success of this new departure in local history to get under way with the aid of men of such calibre and experience. It was vital that those chosen should enjoy the confidence both of the public and of the Civil Service—as they do. At the outset, the labours are likely to be fairly

arduous. The chairman, during the period requiring the organisation of a system, the setting up of a routine, will find himself occupied by a full-time job, and much will depend on the capacities of the permanent Secretary and his assistants. When the machinery has been geared up to its most efficient pitch, of course, the Commission will discover that no extravagant allotment of time will be demanded of them. We have only one complaint. It had been expected that an official spokesman would, at some time or other, for the benefit of those affected, explain in language in close affinity to basic English, the considerations which prompted this creation of this new authority controlling new entrants to the Civil Service, promotions and re-grading of individuals already installed, and, when called upon, to investigate working conditions. Apparently, civil servants will discover precisely what it means to them as the Commission swings into action. It may well be that does not matter particularly. The primary objective is known—improvement of the prospects of the locally born of rising to the highest levels. Future policy will ensure that the candidate from the United Kingdom will not acquire promotion automatically. If the Hongkong-born candidate has equal qualifications, unblemished service, the stamina and the personality, he will be entitled to preference. Many times will ebb and flow before this intention begins radically to change the appearance of the administrative establishment, but the principle is sound and is warmly approved. With the appointments announced, the Colony is getting off to a good start.

## EXPECTING 2nd BABY

Brussels, July 7.

King Leopold's wife is expecting her second child, the well-informed Catholic royalist newspaper, Libre Belgique, reported today.

The paper disclosed the Princess de Bethy's pregnancy in a report that her mother, Mrs Henri Baels, died last night.

King Leopold touched off a violent controversy when he married the commoner, London-born Mary Liliane Baels, during the German occupation in September, 1941. The King was supposedly a prisoner of war at that time. The monarch's opponents also blame him for going through the religious ceremony three months before being duly married by law. According to Belgian law the civil ceremony must take place before the religious rites.—United Press.

## Fire On Mail Train

Dar-Es-Salaam, July 7. An Indian died from burns and two Africans were injured when a mail train caught fire in Western Tanganyika today. The dead man is Pedro M. Dias, aged 50, a steward on the train.—Reuter.



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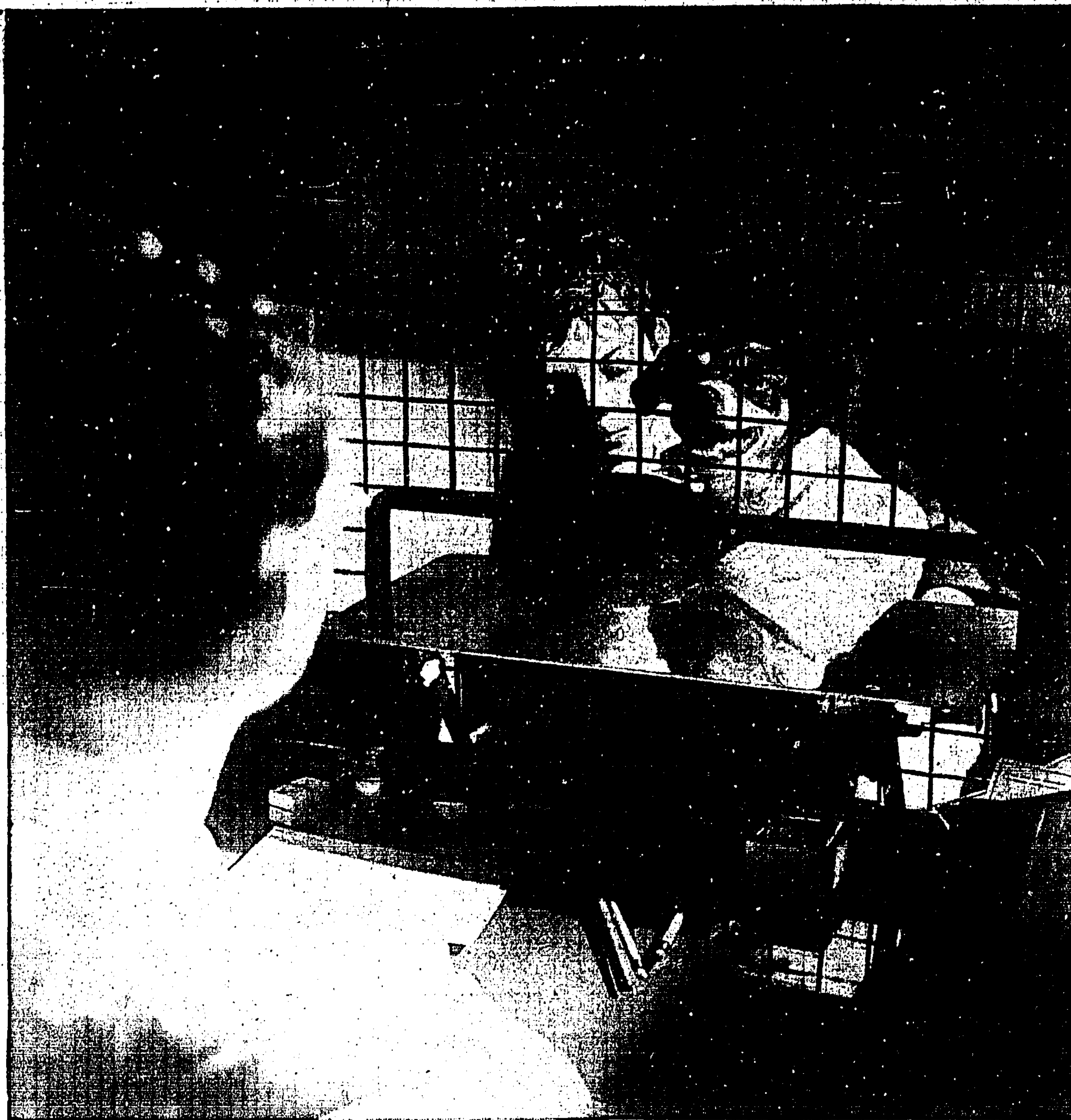
A faintly perfumed lotion, one of the oldest and effective treatments for prickly heat rashes. Dabbed on with a soft pad, it will soothe and cool the skin. Make it a routine after a bath.

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Dejected Ronnie Lowe's fox terrier "speaks" for himself at the admission desk of Speyer hospital. There is a small charge, but more than 60 percent of cases are free.

## ISOLATING DOGDOM'S WORST ENEMY

THE tousle-headed youngster clutched his dog as he walked slowly up the steps. "Don't worry," he whispered into the pointed ear, "they won't hurt you."

Then bravely squaring his shoulders, Ronnie Lowe, 10, of the Madison Square Boys' Club, carried the pooch into New York's Speyer Animal Hospital. A few minutes later, Chief Veterinarian Dr. James R. Kinney began to examine the dog

thoroughly. Its ailment was a minor one, but before the animal left he had been checked for signs of distemper, dreaded scourge of dogdom.

During the past year, 1,800 cases of distemper were brought to the clinic and 1,100 dogs were hospitalised. Of these, 50 to 60 percent were cured. According to Dr. Kinney, a greater number might have been saved had they been brought in earlier.

In an effort to combat the highly-contagious disease, which is similar to influenza in man, the hospital has just constructed a new US\$40,000 distemper ward. When put into operation, it will be self-sustaining, with its own laundry, kitchen and treatment room. At present it is being used to handle the overflow among 22,000 animal patients treated annually.



THIS GIRL'S family moved into an apartment house which excluded dogs, so she brought the pup to the stray department. They receive nearly 3,000 strays yearly.



AN HOUR before this picture was made, the Chihuahua was carried in with his leg fractured. He's going home now, broken limb in splint almost as long as he is.



THE 61 CAGES in the new US\$40,000 ward are in three sizes, all of stainless steel with glazed-tile walls. They are washed and blankets are changed three times each day.



IN THE MODERN operating room, Dr. James R. Kinney (right) treats a thoroughbred boxer. During the year, 3,625 operations were performed.

### Here's The Proper Way To Give Your Dog a Pill



FIRST step in getting a dog to take pill is to grasp the upper jaw firmly.

THE LOWER jaw opens when slight pressure is exerted with right hand.

THE PILL is placed as far as possible in dog's mouth without gagging him.

JAWS are held together lightly and the head is lifted until he swallows.



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**SHOWING TO-DAY**  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.  
ONE OF THE TEN BEST PICTURES OF 1949!



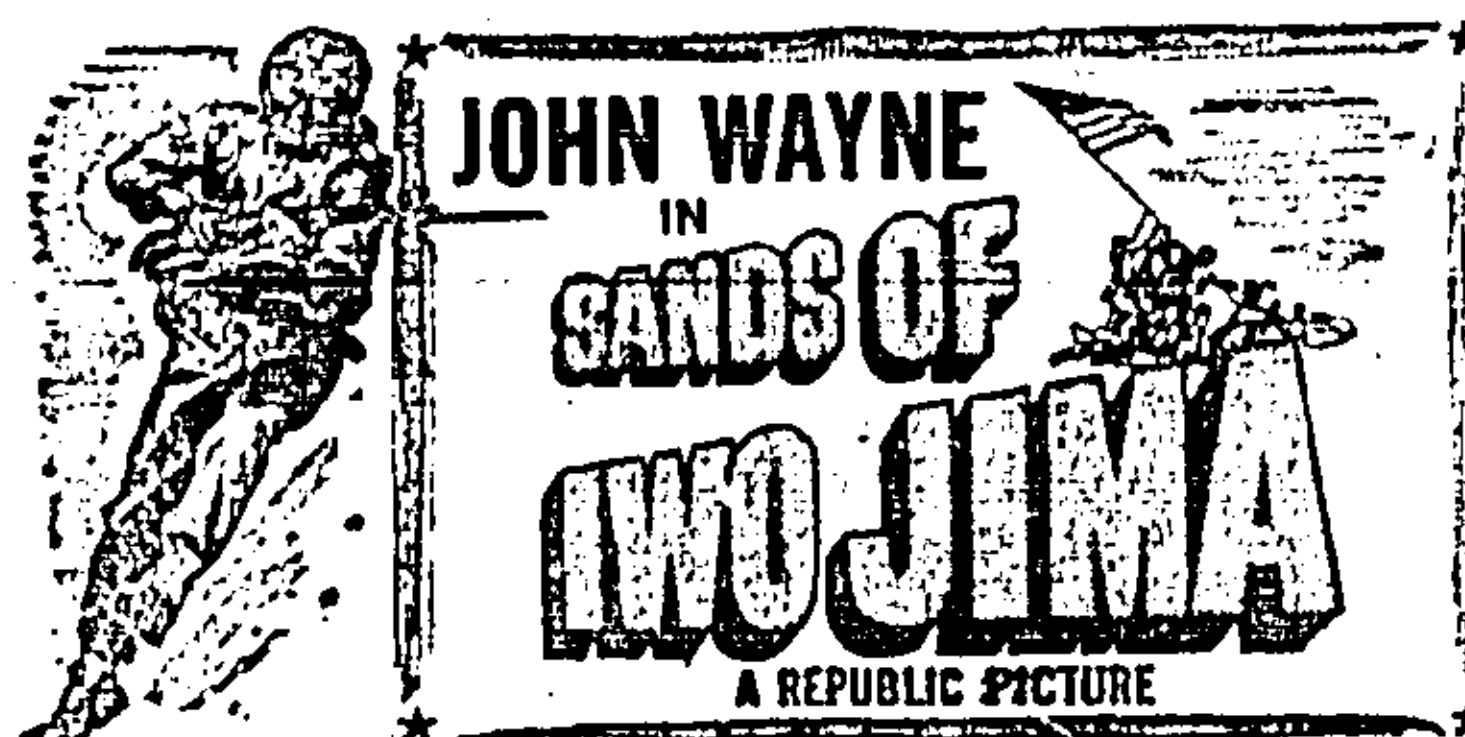
**Jammed With Suspense-Adventure!**  
**Home of the Brave**  
THE FIRST MOTION PICTURE OF ITS KIND!  
Presented by SCREEN PLAYS CORP. with Douglas Dick, Frank Lovejoy, James Edwards, Steve Brodie, Jeff Corey, Lloyd Bridges. Produced by STANLEY KRAMER. Directed by MARK RONSON. Associate Producer Robert Silliman. Screenplay by CARL FOREMAN. Based on the original play by Arthur Laurents. Musical Score by DIMITRI TYOMKIN. Released thru United Artists.

ADDED ATTRACTION: "FIRST NEWSREELS ABOUT THE KOREA WAR"

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ROXY AT 11.30 A.M. Warner Bros. Pictures Presents "DESTINATION TOKYO" Cary Grant • John Garfield AT REDUCED PRICES  
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SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30  
John Payne • Maureen O'Hara • Randolph Scott in "TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI"

## Show Talk

# WHERE IS BRITAIN'S VERSION OF VERA-ELLEN?

By Harold Conway

Why is it that British film stars are less magnetic than the Americans? It has probably not escaped your notice that Hollywood's annual Grand Tour of Europe has now opened — with Dorothy Lamour, Ava Gardner, Bing Crosby, Irene Dunne, Frank Sinatra, Vera-Allen.... They are magnificently in circulation over here: they have sent the public

I doubt it—for all their great acting ability. In the light to make British screen names world names, fine acting is not enough. Personality is needed, so is showmanship—which does not mean a lot of starlets competing to be photographed at first night.

Now there is no reason why British artists could not match Hollywood in this personality game. Look at the immediate response in America to Margot Fonteyn and Moira Shearer during the Sadlers Wells Ballet tour.



John MILLS Margaret LEIGHTON Celia JOHNSON  
WOULD THEY CAUSE A TRAFFIC HOLD-UP IN PARIS?

temperature soaring to acclamation-point in London, Paris, Rome, Barcelona, and St Andrews.

(Make no mistake: most of that acclamation has been spontaneous. Behind it, of course, the publicity machines have been at work; but I have seen plenty of publicity campaigns fizzle out because the public refused to be interested.)

Some of these visitors have come over to work, some to play. But whichever it is, their respective studios stand to gain enormous amounts of box-office goodwill by this European parade of the stars.

## Would Celia—?

★ Could we pick a group of British film stars who would provoke the same curiosity in Europe, for that matter, in America?

Would John Mills, Margaret Leighton and Celia Johnson cause a traffic hold-up in the Champs Elysees? Could Robert Donat and, say Eileen Herlie, attract a crowd of fans outside a New York hotel?

## West End Favourite

★ NO. 1 FILM personality for this year looks like being a Frenchman—Jacques Tati. His enchanting comedy, "Jour de Fete," has turned out the surprise success of the West End season. Tati made this picture entirely in the open air, on a series of financial shoestrings—his first effort at directing and acting in a full-length production.

Now, after five weeks, it is still drawing packed audiences. So "Jour de Fete" may stay in the West End all the summer.

On both sides of the Channel Tati has suddenly been acclaimed as the French Charlie Chaplin.

★ A somewhat formidable label? Tati tells me: "Where do I go from here?"

## Saint Again

★ What, another "saint" role for Fay Compton? In her new film, "The Sign of the Cross," Miss Compton will play a hospital

almoner—described to me as "a woman of saint-like qualities."

This follows her beatific (if detective-minded) countess in the stage drama "Bonaventure" and a study of Mary the Mother in the Crucifixion-period play, "Family Portrait."

And in "No Medals" Miss Compton, of course, was the embodiment of that uncanonised saint, the British housewife.

I think Miss Compton is due for a holiday from haloes after her new film.

# A Walking Encyclopedia Looks After Britain's Period Pictures

By MELROSE GOWER

When a Hollywood producer prepares to launch a period picture, a cinematic tale of romance and adventure in the rollicking past, his first step is to send the script to the studio's research department.

"Please check very carefully," the producer pleads. "We MUST be authentic." No British producer, on the other hand, gives a hoot about the research department. In fact, no English studio has a research department to give a hoot about.

When a British producer prepares to launch a period picture, he simply sends for Charles Rely ("Doc") Beard, a walking encyclopedia of the past, who looks like the late Buffalo Bill and who drinks his ale like an Elizabethan with his knees braced back and his stomach stuck out.

Wherefore, if historians or film fans find any movie boners in the RKO-Walt Disney production of "Treasure Island," which was filmed in England, the responsibility will rest on the somewhat hunched shoulders of "Doc" Beard.

No boners will be found, however, if you take the word of Byron Haskin, who directed this Technicolor version of Robert Louis Stevenson's great

## AMAZING BRAIN

"Any doubts I might have had about the accuracy of a one-man research department," commented Haskin, "were thoroughly dissipated during the early shooting of 'Treasure Island.'"

An amazing man with an amazing brain is "Doc" Beard. His knowledge, his interest in his profession, his conscientiousness stamp him as perhaps the greatest living authority on the customs and habits of the world of 200 or more years ago.

Further, his enormous zest for life and his unflagging enthusiasm drive him to perfect details in motion picture scenes that I venture to state not one filmmaker in 10,000 would notice.

"Treasure Island," which was filmed entirely in live action with Bobby Driscoll, Robert Newton and Basil Sykes co-starring, is the first sea picture of magnitude to be made without the use of a miniature ship in any scene.

One of the most painstaking tasks faced by "Doc" Beard, therefore, was the creation and outfitting of the "Hesperus," a sturdy craft that carried Jim Hawkins and his companions in search of Capt. Flint's buried treasure.

## A RECONCILIATION

"At the very outset," said Haskin, "Beard had to effect a reconciliation between some of the details given in the novel and the history of the period. Stevenson was interested primarily in telling a rattling good yarn. He envisaged a schooner with all the romantic implications of the word. But, as the story progressed, situations which had to be translated into actual action stubbornly refused to fit into the very constricted space which the author had visualised as his setting."

"The earliest model of a schooner which Beard was able to find in maritime records was one of about 1700-1780, a date too late. Also, it was only about half the tonnage of the schooner described in the Stevenson story."

But "Doc" Beard refused to let that stump him. "He and Production Designer Tom Morahan modelled the Hesperus on a three-masted ceiling bark of about 1740-1750," Haskin continued.

"This was a vessel of the right dimensions, and a contemporary fully-rigged model was found by the tireless Beard in the store rooms of the Maritime Museum at Greenwich. "All the deck fittings, pumps, hatch coverings, and even the galley chimneys, were copied from this and other contemporary models. The binnacle was taken from a painting of about 1770, and minor details were copied faithfully from originals at Greenwich."

## "EVOLVED"

So much of the film's action takes place in and around Long John Silver's galley (a kitchen, to you landlubbers) that "Doc" took special care fitting it up. No drawing of a cook stove of the period was available, so the galley's stove was "evolved." In the picture it is a simplified version of the type of stove used in ships of a slightly later period, with all special gadgets removed.

The original Admiralty model at Greenwich could not be handled or photographed, wherefore Beard spent a Sunday afternoon sprawled on his stomach on the gallery floor sketching the model from every angle. Visitors, Haskin reported, found him the most interesting "specimen" in the Museum.

"Doc" Beard is 57 years old but his eyes have a youthful twinkle. His rounded shoulders are usually covered by an old overcoat, which he wears capsize. He carries a gnarled cane, which resembles an Irish shillelagh, with all the aplomb of Sir John Falstaff. He smokes cigarettes and occasionally a set 16th century clay pipe.

"And when he gets that clay pipe between his teeth, and a tankard of ale in his hand," concluded Director Haskin, "he looks more than ever like Falstaff stepping from a page in one of 'Doc' Beard's own well-thumbed volumes of Shakespeare."

## Today's Quip

★ TED RAY says: "A man I knew was such an egotist he was always me-deep in conversation."

(London Express Service)

## DAVID LEWIN'S

# Spotlight



JACKIE COOPER  
... as he looked then.

FRANK SINATRA is taking a luxury furnished flat in Berkeley-square for two months.

AVA GARDNER is in London for two months making a film. She has her own flat, five minutes away from Berkeley-square, in Park-lane.

## Early To Bed

★ JEAN SIMMONS turned down an invitation for a late night party last week. "No," she said. "I think it would be better if I went to bed early and prepared to work the next day."

I think I know why Jean is cutting down on parties and telling her friends: "I want to take it quietly." She will have a three months' holiday soon, but there will be no official receptions and personal appearances.

In future, the Jean Simmons interviews are out; the picture sessions at the studios are cut. Jean will let her screen performances talk for her—and nothing else.

It isn't entirely the buffeting some critics gave "So Long at the Fair" which has so distressed her, but rather those remarks about "over-selling Simmons."

For years people had been saying: "How wonderful that Jean Simmons should be such an exciting new star!"

Then suddenly the same voices were harsh, critical, rough in their comment.

## Which Is Which?

★ MARGARET LOCKWOOD is making a film about an escape from one of those European dictator States.

GLYNIS JOHNS has just finished one.

Miss Lockwood has an American leading man DANE CLARK. Miss Johns had another American, DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

Miss Lockwood meets the local police chief—a "sympathetically unsympathetic" chap played by MARIUS GORING. In Miss Johns' film JACK HAWKINS had a similar part.

The soldiers searching for Glynis spoke Vosnian. The soldiers hunting Margaret Lockwood have another "homemade" language.

Could they be the same films? No. Glynis Johns' picture was



JACKIE COOPER  
... as he looked then.

called "State Secret." Margaret Lockwood's is "Highly Dangerous."

Mr Rank, who is making the second, believes it will be nothing like the first.

## All My Own

★ TO FORESTALL people who say: "But haven't I seen that somewhere before?" SOMERSET MAUGHAM writes an introduction to the film "Creatures of Circumstance."

Says Maugham: "I believe it is a story of my own invention. But I wouldn't like to take my oath on it. I think I might parody a statement by Dr Johnson and say that if a story is good it is unlikely to be new—and if it's new it is unlikely to be good."

"The fact is we story-writers have come too late into a world too old."

## Remember?

★ THAT NAME on the list of Americans coming here with TYRONE POWER to act in "Mr Roberts" looked familiar.

It appeared simply as JACKIE COOPER.

Remember him? He was the ten-year-old who appeared in the WALLACE BEERY films around 20 years ago. Now Cooper is 28 and trying to

forget that when he was a child they called him a star.

There is almost nothing more difficult for a child star than growing up successfully. Even SHIRLEY TEMPLE, who did manage it, warned her daughter SUSAN against "following in mother's footsteps."

Cooper, when he was out of the child class, found the going

# KING'S

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

5 Shows To-morrow: Extra Performance At 11.30 A.M.

## RAGING ISLAND...RAGING PASSIONS!



THE PLACE:  
**STROMBOLI**  
THE STAR:  
**BERGMAN**  
UNDER  
THE INSPIRED DIRECTION OF  
**ROSSELLINI**

SPECIAL ADDED ATTRACTION  
TED DONALDSON, SHARYN MOFFETT  
AND "FLAME" IN

## "PAL'S ADVENTURE"

# QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

THRILL-BY-THRILL IT POUNDS INTO YOUR HEART!  
The Story of "SEABISCHIT" who need to glory!



PRIDE OF KENTUCKY  
SHIRLEY TEMPLE FITZGERALD McCALLISTER

ADDED ATTRACTION  
QUEEN'S—"SWIMCAPADE"—In Technicolor  
ALHAMBRA—"THE SWIM PARADE"

## SUNDAY MORNING SHOW

QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA  
— AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY — — AT 12 NOON ONLY —  
"Variety Program" "Loves of Carmen"  
All in Technicolor In Technicolor  
From M-G-M & Warner Bros. Rita Hayworth—Glenn Ford  
— AT REDUCED PRICES —

SHOWING TO-DAY **MAJESTIC** AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

SUNDAY EXTRA SHOW AT 12.00 NOON



ADDED ATTRACTION!

WALT DISNEY presents THE ACADEMY AWARD SHORT FEATURE  
"SEAL ISLAND"

A TRUE LIFE ADVENTURE • First by TECHNICOLOR

Distributed by RKO RADIO PICTURES







FROM YALTA POLITICS TO THE FUHRER AS A CRAZY BRIDEGROOM . . . HISTORY IS EDITED FOR A 'MONUMENTAL' EVENT

## CHURCHILL and HITLER—as Russia sees them now



## Eva Braun whispers 'yes' amid the arum lilies

By WILLIAM HAMSHER

THE Russians staged a gala first-night in the Eastern sector of the other night of their colour film, "The Fall of Berlin." They describe it as monumental, the biggest cinema event for many years. Because, they say, it shows Hitler as he really was.

First—the Fuehrer whose moods shift rapidly from bold self-glorification to helpless rage.

Next, the mad general whose intuition is no match for the genius of Stalin.

And finally, the bridegroom—a dictator turned into a cringing degenerate.

Hitler and Stalin are realistic in face, figure, and voice.

Hitler's speeches might have been taken from news reels. Nazis are never mentioned. Always, when there are criticisms, it is "the Germans."

The opening shots of "The Fall of Berlin" show a happy Russia. Comes the day—nine years ago—when the Nazis invaded Russia.

They came through smiling fields, where children are gathering flowers.

The bouquets are for the local steel factory. A shock worker has just smashed his new output target. He rushes into uniform.

But first comes an interview with Stalin, who puts his arm on the steelworker's here's shoulder. "Good boy," he says.

The film synopsis, which gives guidance on many scenes, comments: "This shows Stalin as he really is: simple, hearty, attentive, clearly in sympathy with all his people."

The Stalin interview convinces the teacher of the flower, gathers that she is in love

with the steelman. She is vivacious and attractive, with dark hair and Elizabeth Taylor eyebrows.

But there is no time for dalliance. Her hair is swept back. Teacher is off to the front, too.

Switch to Berlin. In his Chancellery, Adolf Hitler has about him the diplomatic representatives of Japan, Spain, Italy, and the Vatican.

They are Fascists, the synopsis tells us: Criminals all.

Hitler, in a passion of self-praise, is to announce that Moscow, Lenin came the victory shouts. But Hitler's rage mounts. These are not German bells.

They are Russian. And they are for Stalin, who is addressing a monster parade.

Hitler, fumes. Enter Eva Braun, surprisingly pretty, and as neat as the Russian teacher. She calms him.

Fade-out in the Chancellery. Shots of Stalingrad, wisps of smoke rising from ruined

villages, advance and retreat over scorched earth...

Grim desolation gives way to close-up of the steelworker, now Alexei, Red Army man. Alexei has captured a Nazi lurking among the ruins.

"When I get to Berlin," he tells him, "I'm going to pull down your house, brick by brick."

Switch to Yalta. The Big Three conference assembles.

There is Roosevelt, seated; Stalin, cordially breaking through his reserve; Molotov and Vyshinsky in deferential attendance, Churchill glum and dour.

Top item on the agenda for the day: "The chaotic situation on the Western Front."

Churchill speaks: "Our situation is extremely grave."

"Oh?" says Molotov, answering for Stalin. "I think that your situation is extremely favourable. On the Eastern Front we have hit the Germans so hard that they have had to stop the Ardennes offensive."

Churchill: "I can't deny it. We need time. We are not yet through the Siegfried Line. If only your experts would let us into the secret of

Red Army men storm the Reichstag. Their order is, "Fly the Red Flag from the dome."

The flag is entrusted to the strong hand that smashed the steel works quota, the strong hand of Alexei. He is now a sergeant, with a medal.

The Reichstag battle is won. Suddenly, among the crowd, Alexei sees Natasha the teacher. A Red Army tank has just liberated her from a Nazi concentration camp. She is still pretty.

Stalin is awaited at the airport. The lovers go there together. Natasha kisses Stalin. Alexei doesn't mind.

(London Express Service)

AMERICAN COLUMN

Alert on the gold frontier

From NEWELL ROGERS

New York.

AMERICA'S last frontier alert tonight because of Korea.

The last frontier is the Arctic colony of Alaska, between Soviet Siberia and Canada.

And the frontier is having the biggest boom since the gold-rush days. Miners' cabins, empty since 1899, are renting for \$53 a month. Building mechanics make \$70 a week.

It is a defence boom. The Government decided to try to make Alaska an impenetrable Arctic frontier.

They are spending \$20,000,000 on installations. An airlift is going to bring in vast amounts of machinery.

Behind such expenditure is the reasoning by strategists: America cannot menace Russia's vital industrial centres from Alaska. But a Russian-held Alaska could menace vital American centres.

Alaska's Commander-in-Chief, Lieut.-General Nathan Twining, put fighter groups and A.A. units on the alert.

KOREA'S war confers two minor blessings on President Truman. It punctures a campaign just started by his opposition, the Republican Party, for the autumn Congressional elections.

The campaign was to picture the Republicans as a peace party and Truman as a blundering warmonger.

Congress has now overcome its reluctance to give Truman power to call up conscripts when Congress is not in session.

THE MILLIONAIRE bookie Frank Erickson was sentenced to two years in prison and fined \$10,700. He could have received 60 years in prison after pleading guilty to gambling charges.

It became known that police shadowed Florida gamblers—suddenly anxious for a holiday in Europe—aboard the Queen Elizabeth on her last sailing. They wanted to be sure the Floridians left and that Erickson did not.

That night the company had taken more than a dozen curtains amid scenes of enthusiasm remarkable even for Sadler's Wells, which attracts the most enthusiastic audiences in London. Princess Margaret danced with the audience and jived in singing the traditional Scottish song, "Auld Lang Syne," and ended the evening as one of the memorable experiences of her life.

The Princess, of course, has a special link with Scotland, for she was born at Glamis Castle, her mother's childhood home, the centuries old seat of the Earls of Strathmore. It was the first time since the days of James I, who united the two kingdoms when he succeeded to the English throne 350 years ago, that a child in direct succession to the throne had been born in Scotland. No wonder that Scots regard her as their own Princess.

Each boy or girl pays a small weekly charge for the holiday course, but it is not sufficient to cover the cost. So a public appeal for funds has been launched over the signatures of

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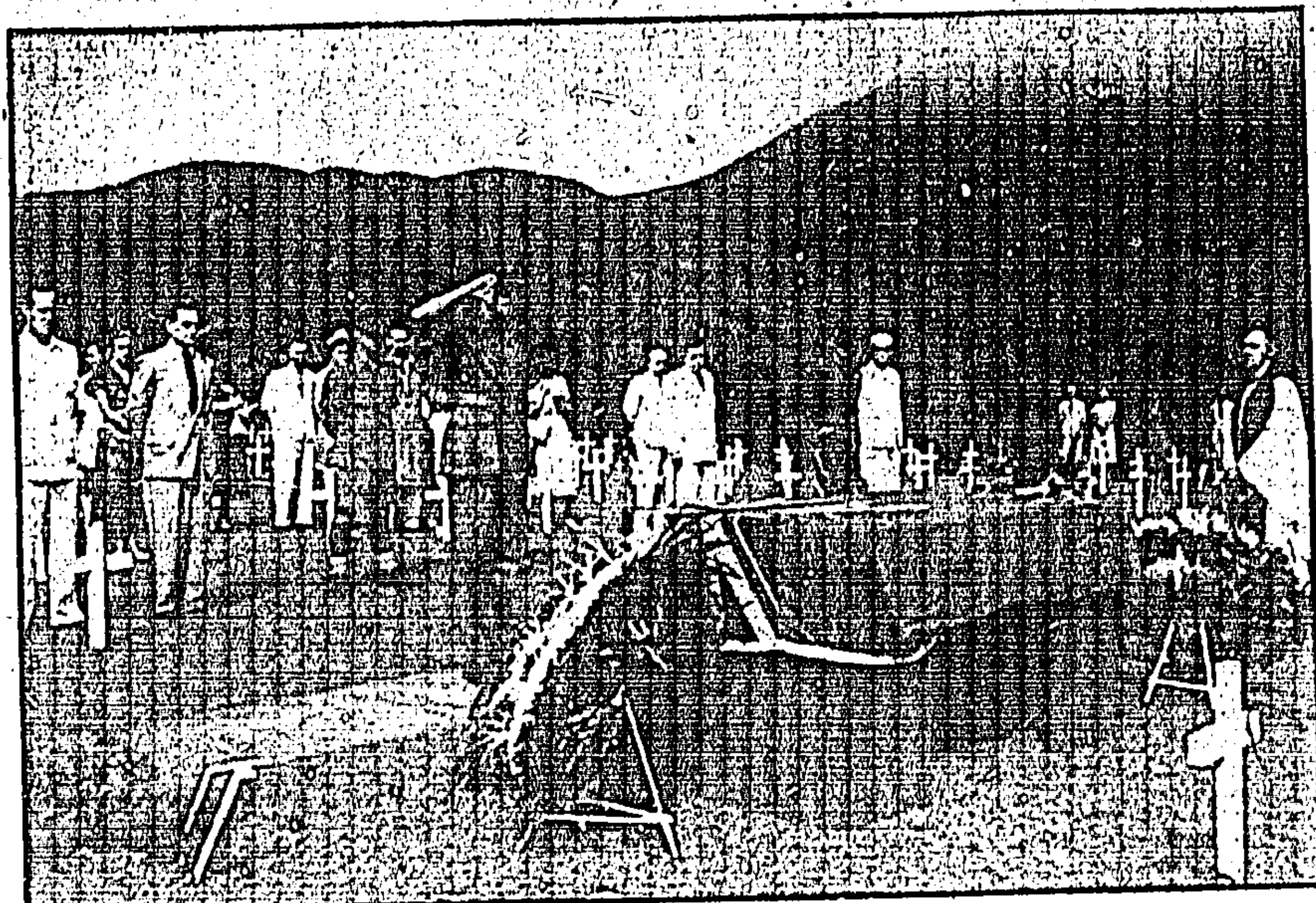
Three distinguished Admirals of the Fleet. There can be little doubt about the outcome. Britain, even in difficult times, has always been quick to respond to any cause which links the welfare of youth with the nation's great maritime traditions.

In her spare time, Princess Margaret is one of the Royal Family's most enthusiastic theatre-goers. She is president of the Sadler's Wells Foundation, so it was a combination of official duty and personal pleasure that took her to Sadler's Wells Theatre, the home of Britain's famous ballet company, to help celebrate the ballet's 21st anniversary. On the stage shortly before midnight, she presented a silver tray to Miss Ninette de Valois, director of the company, "with the gratitude of us all for what you have done in the past 21 years."

Now, after being brought up-to-date after the damaging war years, the Foudroyant has just been reopened. The Sea Rangers were aboard and it was as their Commodore that Princess Margaret, in smart dark blue uniform and beret-like hat, made her visit. Twenty-one guns were fired in a royal salute as her train steamed into Portsmouth station. After lunch aboard the Victory, Princess Margaret embarked in a gig manned by five Sea Rangers, with another acting as coxswain, and was piped aboard the Foudroyant.

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LIEUT-COLONEL H. Owen Hughes, Commanding Officer, Hongkong Regiment, Hongkong Defence Force, pays tribute to Canadian troops who died in the defence of Hongkong at the Canada Day memorial service at the Saiwan Military Cemetery. In the evening, the Acting Canadian Trade Commissioner, Mr T. R. G. Fletcher, gave a cocktail party in the Hongkong Club, where picture on the right was taken. It shows Mr Fletcher in conversation with the Officer Administering the Government, His Excellency Mr J. F. Nicoll. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



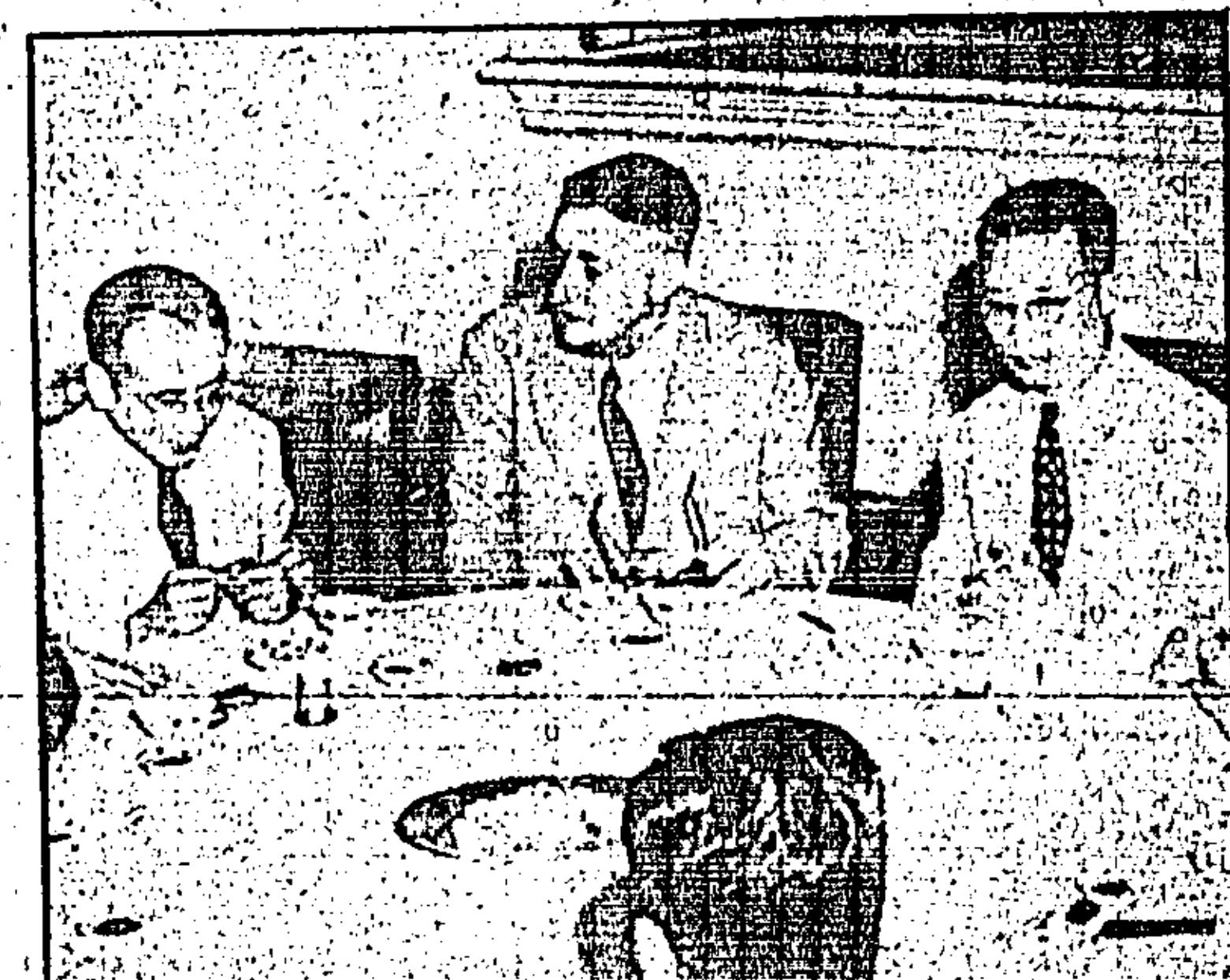
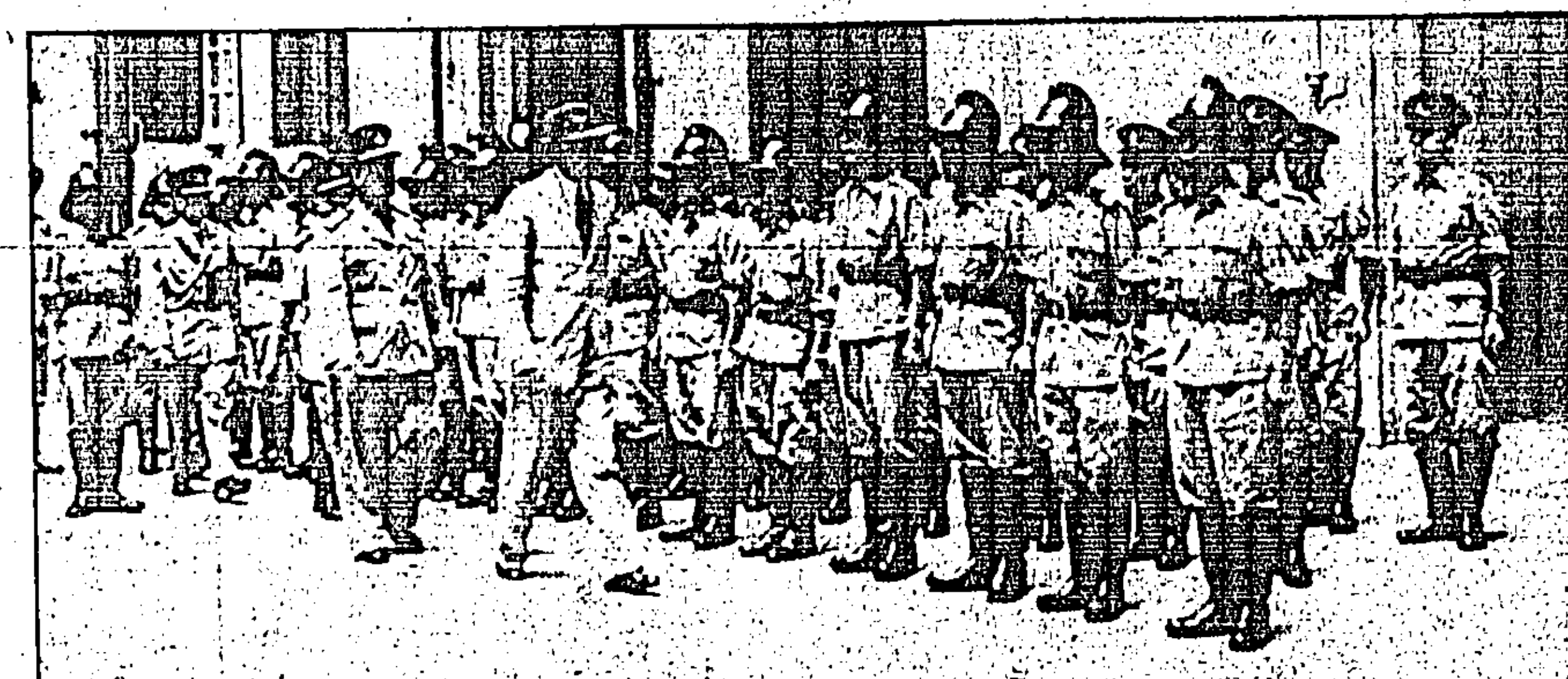
ABOVE right: Group taken at the party given last Saturday to mark the opening of the Morning Post Staff Club. Right: Mr Henry Ching, OBE, Mrs Ching, Mr R. V. Lederhofer and Mrs Lederhofer. Below: Two reasons why the Staff Photographer had his own picture taken. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



LEFT: The Officer Administering the Government, His Excellency Mr J. F. Nicoll, presenting long service medals to the Hongkong Fire Brigade this week. Below: The OAG inspects members of the Brigade drawn up on parade. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



TWO parties at the dinner dance held under the auspices of the Canadian Club of Hongkong last Saturday at the Hongkong Hotel to mark Canada Day. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR Julius Ring, Commissioner of Rating and Valuation (centre), seen at a farewell party given in his honour with Mr T. C. Tong (left) and Dr F. I. Tsoung. Mr Ring is leaving the Colony on retirement. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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MR John Gunther, the celebrated author (right), photographed at Kai Tak airport on his arrival last Monday. Also in picture are Mrs Gunther and Mr J. C. McDonnell, of Pan American Airways. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR Tang Shuo-nam and Miss Chung Ching, who were married last Saturday. A reception given at the Peninsula Hotel was attended by a large number of friends. (Henry Mok)

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## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

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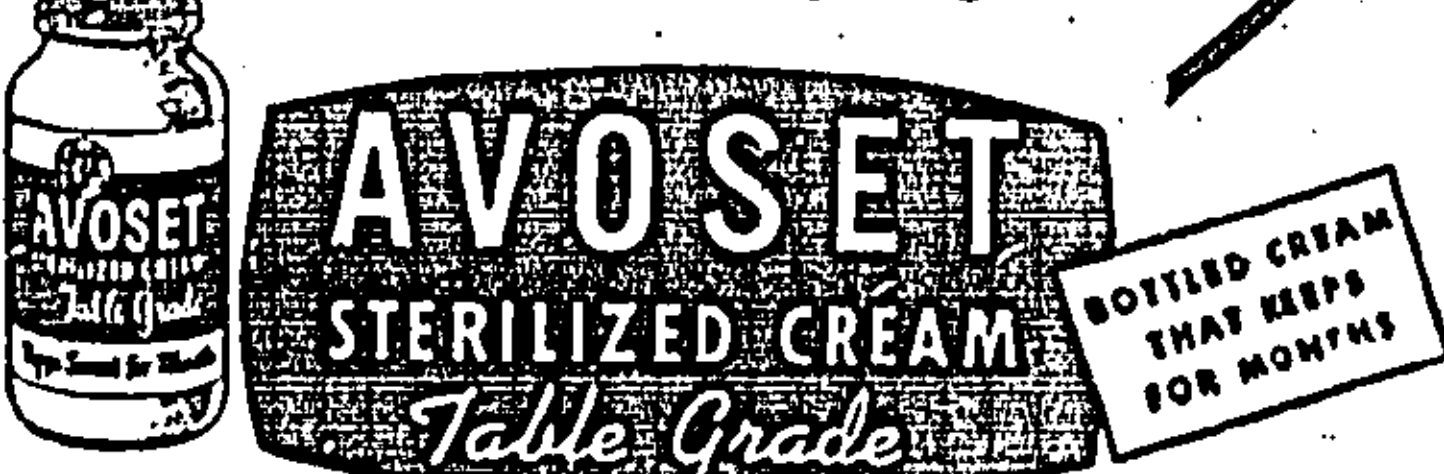
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The Holy Year Inspires New  
Colours . . . . .

By **JOAN ERSKINE**

**T**HERE was a strong Italian flavour about Arthur Banks' collection, one of the earliest of the couture shows. His main colour, a rich glowing blue with a green tinge, was called "Naples Blue". Capes, cut on severely classic lines, were inspired by Italy's Holy Year.

Suits were simple, but the fine detail was worth noting. Very original braid treatment,

In groups of extended tailors' arrows gave a sunburst effect. Pleats, pockets and cuffs, too, were edged with silk braid. Tweed waistcoats matched the country suits. A white grosgrain blouse with a fine black satin stripe was worn with a black suit called "St. Peter's". A deep

cape rever descended to the waist in the front of another suit; and a coat cut generously on princess lines, had its deep cape rever edged with narrow blue fox. It is pleasant to see fur (trimming back again in the collections.

### "Peacock" Line

The "Peacock" line appeared on dresses. This is a burst of fullness on short and long skirts, slightly off centre at the back. A large bow catches the fullness below the hip. Paper taffeta was combined with calico fabrics for effect. On a plain wool dress, gods of this stiff taffeta at the sides were counteracted by huge bows below the knees—an extension of the Peacock line. Wide black velvet vertical stripes alternated with paper taffeta ones on an evening skirt. A frill of this taffeta edged a Lyons velvet evening dress, and formed a ruff round the deep décolletage.

### "Rome" was simplest

Most of the dresses had a plain curved neckline and small cap sleeves. The simplest was called "Rome"—made of light camel silk jersey with gauging at the yoke and waist.

An interesting point about the show was that all the clothes shown were in stock sizes, and that several were for older women. One, Arthur Banks called his "retailer's dress". It was in black silk chiffon pleated from neck to hem, and all the seams were where they could easily be altered.

### "Verdi" can't let die

"Verdi" was an old favourite. "We can't let die," said the designer half apologetically. It was the unfashionably popular and flattering Winterhalter neckline in ruffled pink and black, on a black dress with full tiered skirt.

A new material made its appearance: shot blue organza with a fine gold thread stripe. Black broderie anglaise, as a change from the perpetual white, topped a full silk chiffon skirt, also in tiers.

Other colours, particularly lovely, were Parma, shot purple, and Veronese green, a light sage shade. For the first time in many years, Englishwomen are beginning to take an interest in unusual colourings. Perhaps it was the effect of last season's "muted" shades, where it seemed to be the practice to merge as discreetly with the background as possible.

We are always pleased to see fine English fabrics used for something other than tweed suits and worsted dresses, and particularly noticed an English brocade, with a silk raised design "embroidered" on it, used in a pink cloud shade for an evening dress. A good quality English grosgrain also made its appearance.

### Nothing so useful...

"Dogs" was the name appropriately given to a black evening jacket with enormous full sleeves finishing in points at the elbow. Still thinking of evening jackets and cloaks, we are convinced that there is nothing quite so useful or comfortable as a short cape. It sits neatly on your shoulders, leaves your arm free, and does not crush your dress. It can be shed unobtrusively, or left on for decorative purposes.

Illustrated is

"Lorenzo"—almost like a pelegrine cape lifted from the Edwardian era. In black grosgrain, edged with heavy white guipure lace, it covers a full-skirted black dress with guipure trimmed bodice

and narrow halter neckline, rowly striped with black with a rich green, which made a sophisticated cocktail dress with a large sash and the peacock skirt line.

The same colour scheme was used for a short tight dress with flowing overskirt, which could be belted and worn as a cloak.

The severity and old-world charm of the design will appeal to women of discriminating taste.

"Medici" could be recommended to those who like dramatic clothes. It consisted of a similar cap in black velvet over a bottle green taffeta dress mar-

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A colour combination that seems to be catching everyone's fancy in London lately is blue and green. Here we saw a blue as clear as the proverbial water in the Bay of Naples, backed

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## PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

## Having your first baby —after 35

By H. N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

IT has long been thought that special dangers surrounded the woman who has her first baby after she is 35 years old. It was thought to be risky for both, the mother and her child.

But, like to many traditional beliefs, this one does not stand up in face of the facts. Analysis of the record proves that thousands of women have had first babies after 35 without special difficulty and the babies born to them prove as healthy as those whose mothers are younger.

## Middle age

Of course, as a woman grows older and passes into middle age, she may develop disturbances of the heart or circulation, high blood pressure, or tumour growths, but there is no reason to believe that these conditions will be any more frequent in a woman having her first baby after 35 than in a woman who has had children before this time. When these complications do occur, it is often necessary for the woman to have hospital treatment.

One of the more troublesome complications of pregnancy, toxemia or poisoning, is found no more often in older women than in young ones.

In women who have their first baby after 35, Caesarean operation is often carried out. Unfortunately, in some cases these operations are done because the patient is fearful that something will go wrong. Mostly, this is an unnecessary fear. Both mother and baby will be better if the birth is allowed to go on normally.

## Needn't fear

If these mothers past 35, who are to give birth to their first baby, have medical care throughout pregnancy and no complication develops, they may be expected to deliver without any difficulties. These women should, of course, be under the care of a physician throughout pregnancy so that, if any abnormal condition does develop, it may be promptly recognised and treated.

All of the figures seem to show that the older woman who is giving birth to her first baby need have no special worries or fears about the outcome.

## London Visitor



MRS. TYRONE POWER

TALL, blue-eyed Miss Eileen Thomas, of Muswell Hill, has found a six-roomed flat in Park Lane, facing the park, for film star Tyrone Power. She is his London secretary. Also she has hired for him a Rolls-Royce and chauffeur. One more task is to find a cook-housekeeper who can cook Continental dishes. Power arrives in a fortnight to rehearse his part in the stage show, *Master Roberts*. He will meet his wife, Linda Christian, who has been on a cruise. "Mr and Mrs Power call Miss Thomas 'Blondie.' But she is not a filmgoer, and has never seen Tyrone on the screen."

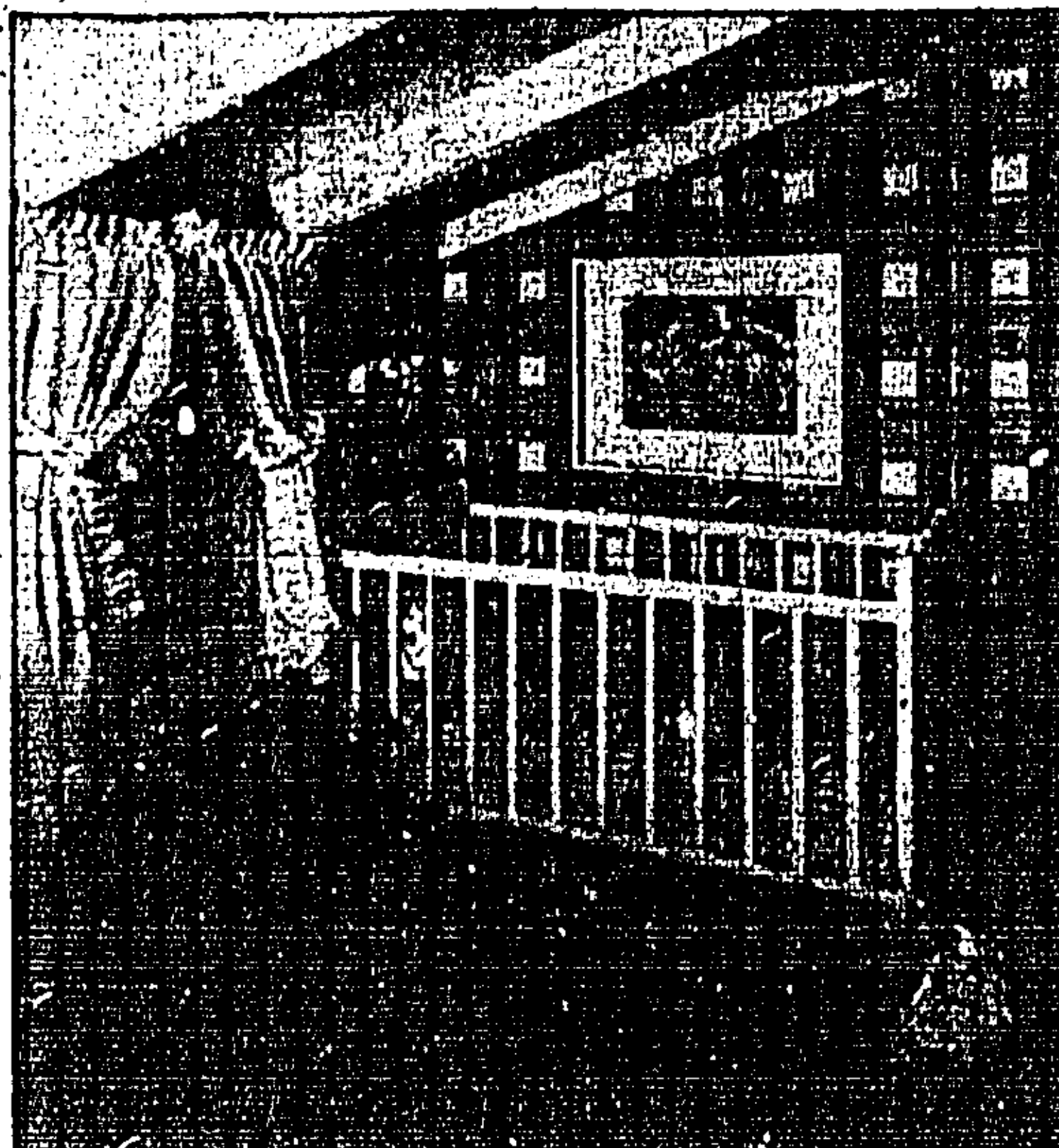
(London Express Service)

## COMFORTABLY COZY

By MARION CLYDE McCARROLL

THE house itself is 23 by 25 feet overall, with a central room 13 by 23 feet. One end of this central room becomes the bedroom at night, when a regular folding-bed is lowered from behind folding panels beside the fireplace.

The four other rooms—nursery (picture at right), dressing room, bath and kitchen—open off the four corners of the central room, with dining space provided at one end of the big room in front of French doors overlooking terrace and garden.



HERE'S THE BED LET DOWN from its daytime (picture in centre) niche, ready for the night. Through the open doorway at the left, is a glimpse of the dressing room beyond, which has two roomy pine chests, and plenty of space for clothes.

## If You Want A Lovely Lawn

By Eleanor Ross.

If you're of the school that believes fixing up the lawn is strictly a job for the man of the house, take a hint, ladies; times have changed!

The new light-in-weight spreaders make it relatively easy for the lady of the house to do the job herself, and get the results of a professional lawn builder. And it's good figure-slimming exercise, too!

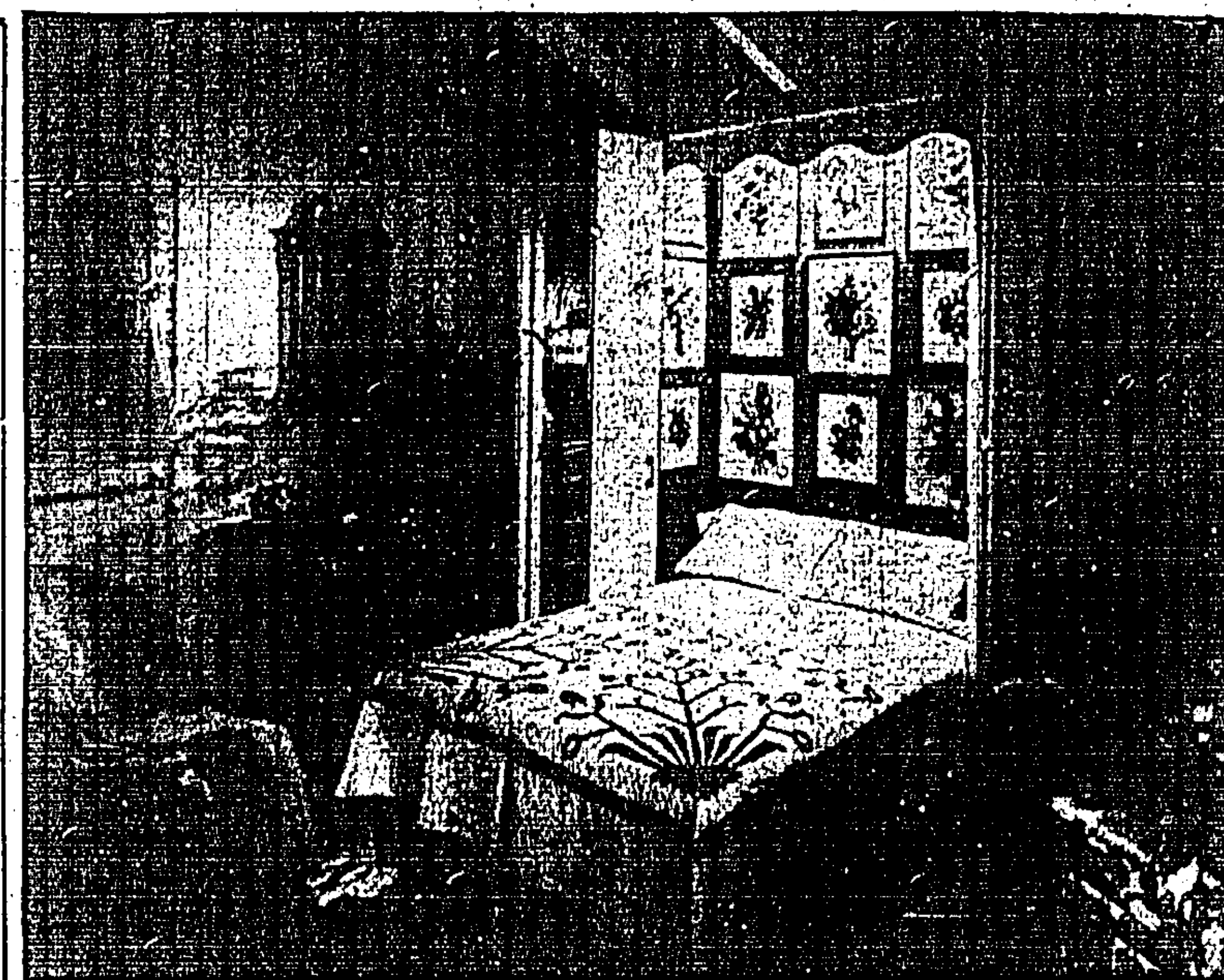
## Fundamentals

The technique of growing grass varies with each place. But, generally speaking, fundamentals apply and so fundamental pointers are in order. Feed the lawn at least three times during the season; in early spring, in summer and in the autumn. An easy-running spreader makes this task quick and effortless. Replant bare spots in early spring, and reseed in autumn (the ideal time for reseeding). It's possible to overdo the matter of seeding by using too much. The preferred way is to use a precision spreader to sow the seed evenly. Control unsightly weed by using a combination material that kills the weeds and at the same time helps to feed the lawn. Again, a combination spreader helps to accomplish the job without fuss or bother.

## The cutting

Set the mower to cut the grass not shorter than two inches during the summer months. This not only protects the grass, but helps to keep it greener with less moisture, a "must" in water-short communities.

If you have doubts about the lawn soil, there are splendid lawn research soil test centres setting up in America. From a 4-inch square plug of sod it is possible to obtain expert analysis and opinion, to help you create a beautiful, velvety lawn. There is great satisfaction in making things grow, and the knowledge that the much-admired velvety lawn is the result of your effort and care, is a rewarding one. Lawn care is a new and fast-growing hobby, one that gets results for the lawn and for the figure.



IN THE BIG ROOM, AS THROUGHOUT the house, linoleum was used on the floors. Its dominant colour tones keynoting the decorative scheme in each room. Here, linoleum is beige and tan, highlighted with turquoise and red.

## Your Picnic Should Include Some Old Standbys

By Alice Denhoff

WHAT'LL the food be? If you are going to cook over an open fire, make it a broiled meat. Food that cooks quickly and can be eaten between buns is easiest. To be sure, everyone thinks first of steaks. If the budget doesn't permit the more expensive cuts, use round steak in a different and delightful way. Roll thin strips of round steak around onion and sliced pickle and roll this in a jacket of bacon strips. Skewer together and broil slowly. Can be eaten right off the skewer.

## Old Reliable

There's nothing quite like hamburgers for a fresco eating, and here this old reliable really comes into its own. Form the patties of ground meat mixed with onion and seasonings before you leave home. Place between waxed paper, and they're ready to cook when the fire is ready. Sear quickly on one side, and then brown on the other, cooking quickly to

preserve the juicy content. For another notion—this one for that other picnic special, frankfurters—split the frankies (nice large ones) down their middles, spread sweet pickle, and turn them over to the cooking department to broil. We guarantee the success of that one.

## Cheese and Bacon

Another time try this on your grill: Split hamburgers lengthwise, insert a finger-sized piece of cheese in each, and top with a slice of bacon. Broil until cheese is melted and bacon is cooked. Serve them all hot in long buns.

Here's a good one to cook in your kettle. Put in one potato for each person, and cover with water. When potatoes are almost tender, add frankfurters enough for everybody and heat thoroughly. With buttered buns, ketchup, some fresh fruit for dessert, cookies and beverage, you have a simple and extremely tasty picnic meal.

Use pickles as a smart ingredient to pick up bland or flat-tasting foods. That's the ticket for meals with a brighter livelier appeal.

## Stuffed Eggs on Spinach

Tuna-Pickle Stuffed Eggs on Spinach is first. Melt 3 tbsp. butter in top of double boiler over boiling water. Blend in 3 tbsp. flour, and 1 1/2 c. milk; cook, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Season with 1/2 tsp. salt and dash of pepper.

Cut 6 hard-cooked eggs in lengthwise halves; remove yolks. Mash yolks, add 1/4 c. milk, beat until fluffy. Add 1/4 c. grated tuna fish, 1/2 c. drained sweet pickle, relish, 2 tbsp. grated onion. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

Refill egg whites with this mixture. Spread 3 c. cooked spinach, chopped, over bottom of a greased shallow baking dish. Place stuffed eggs on top of spinach. Pour white sauce over eggs, topping eggs with buttered soft bread crumbs (using about 1/3 c. crumbs in all). Sprinkle with paprika. Bake at 350° F. for 25 min. Makes 4-6 servings.

## Good Hot Or Cold

For a dish that's good hot or chilled, use lettuce as a salad, and 4 slices bacon in skillet until crisp. Remove bacon and mince. Add 1/4 c. pickle juice and 4 tbsp. pickle relish to drippings in skillet; heat through. Combine with one lb. freshly cooked, cut green beans, and salt and pepper to taste. 4 servings.

Pickle sauce gives a wonderful lift to bland fish dishes. For 6 servings, cut 2 lb. fish fillets into serving pieces. Place in greased shallow baking dish; sprinkle with 1/4 tsp. salt, dash of pepper, 1/2 tsp. paprika, 1/4 c. lemon juice and 3 tbsp. grated onion. Melt 2 tbsp. butter in top of double boiler over boiling water; add 2 tbsp. flour; stir until blended. Gradually add one c. milk and cook, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Remove from heat; add 1/4 c. chopped dill pickle and one hard-cooked egg, chopped. Season to taste with salt and pepper.



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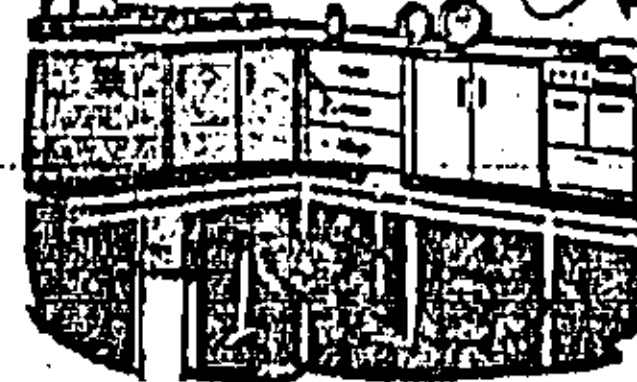
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PRESS PHOTOGRAPHS

Copies of photographs taken by the South China Morning Post and Hong Kong Telegraph Staff Photographers are on view in the Morning Post Building.

ORDERS BOOKED.

## BEAUTY BEGINS AT HOME

WHILE battling through the week of pictures, races and parties, promise yourself some simple health and beauty aids which will put tranquillity back into the tired face.

Here's a mixed bag of ideas for the beauty-wise which requires no bought beauty props.

Take your first free day and spend as much as possible of it in bed. After all the party fare it won't be hard for one day to drink only water and fruit juices (no tea or coffee), and to eat only salad and fruit.

When you sit on a chair remember to sit up straight. It's more restful in the long run. Keep the back from the hips

upwards firmly against the chair back.

Wash your own hair sometimes and brush-dry it in the sun. It will look mad, but it can be dampened and reset with a new glow of health and a colour boost from sunshine. Give your tired complexion a little gentle sunning, too, not a baking, but enough of the sun's rays to help clear up the spots and blemishes that cosmetics can't camouflage.

Your hands will be improved if before any task that might be grubby, you rub your nails over and dig them deeply into the cake of soap. It will lather out dirt and all when you wash them.

Figure-conscious women realise the importance of shoulders and the value of

keeping them in an easy natural pose.

Figure specialists say that the body speaks with the shoulders and that shoulders are the key to good carriage and an air of distinction.

Shoulders should be free. They should not be lifted, thrown forward or back, but should remain as nature intended them to be held.

With the correct natural pose there is no evidence of collarbones, even the thinnest girl can be draped in a strapless evening gown.

Girls who hold their backbones stiffly and keep shoulders thrown back lack the look of softness and grace. Others who send the shoulders forward and allow their back to become rounded and

their chest flat-looking, carry a look of defeat.

Hunched shoulders have a deplorable effect on body balance and promote muscle strain in the same way that stiffly held shoulders can also do.

If you fancy that your shoulders are tight and muscle-bound, try this exercise. It will promote bust development, will help to bring trimness to the waistline, and will strengthen the muscles of the back.

Stand tall, chest lifted, tummy flat, hands at the sides. With wrists free and fingers separated, bring the hands above the head, slipping the backs together.

Then cut at the sides and back again. This is a sort of flying motion. Use the arms as if they were wings. Use plenty of muscle pull.

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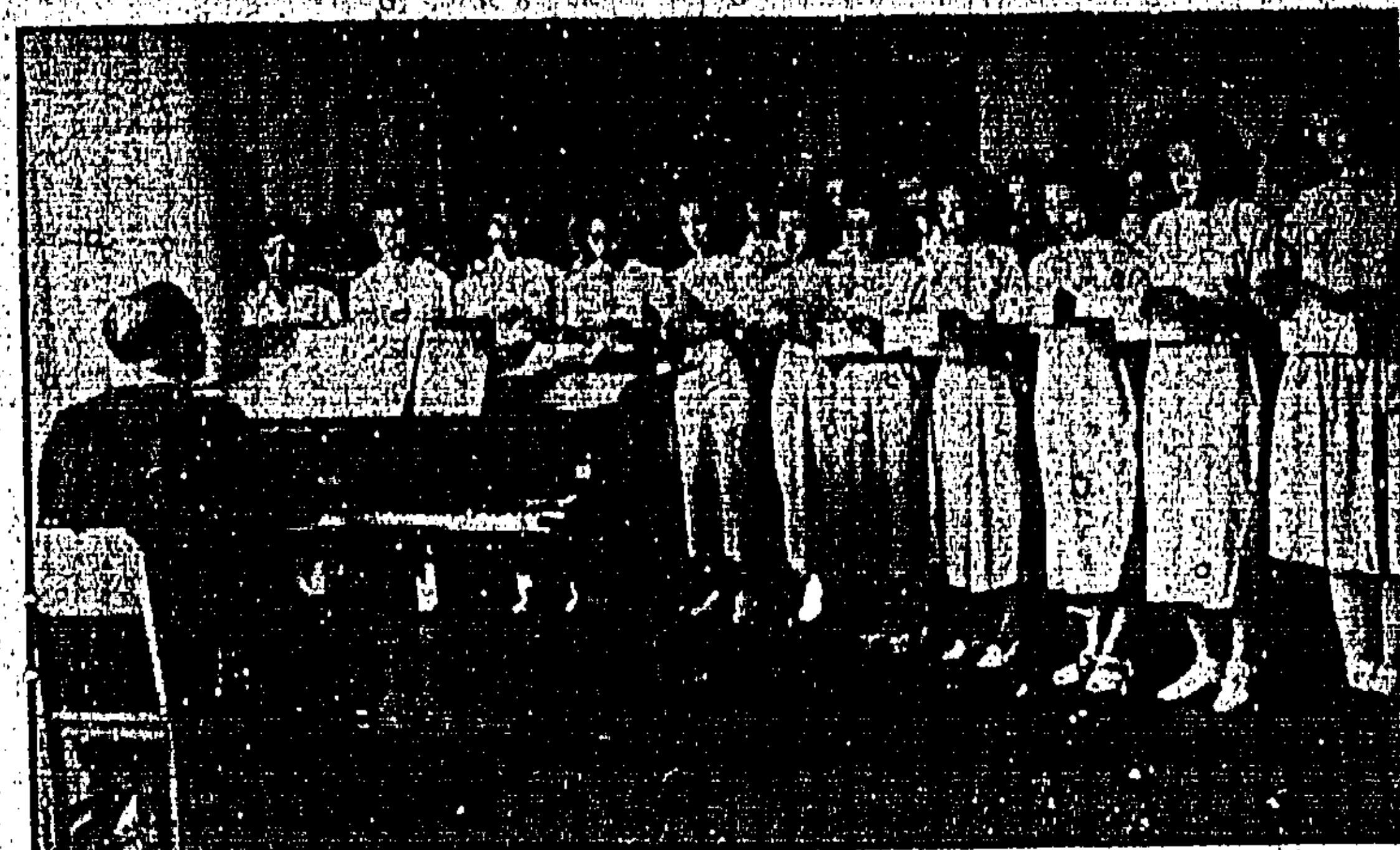




GUESTS at the Philippine Republic national day reception being received by Dr Jose V. Rodriguez, Philippine Consul, and other members of the Consulate staff. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



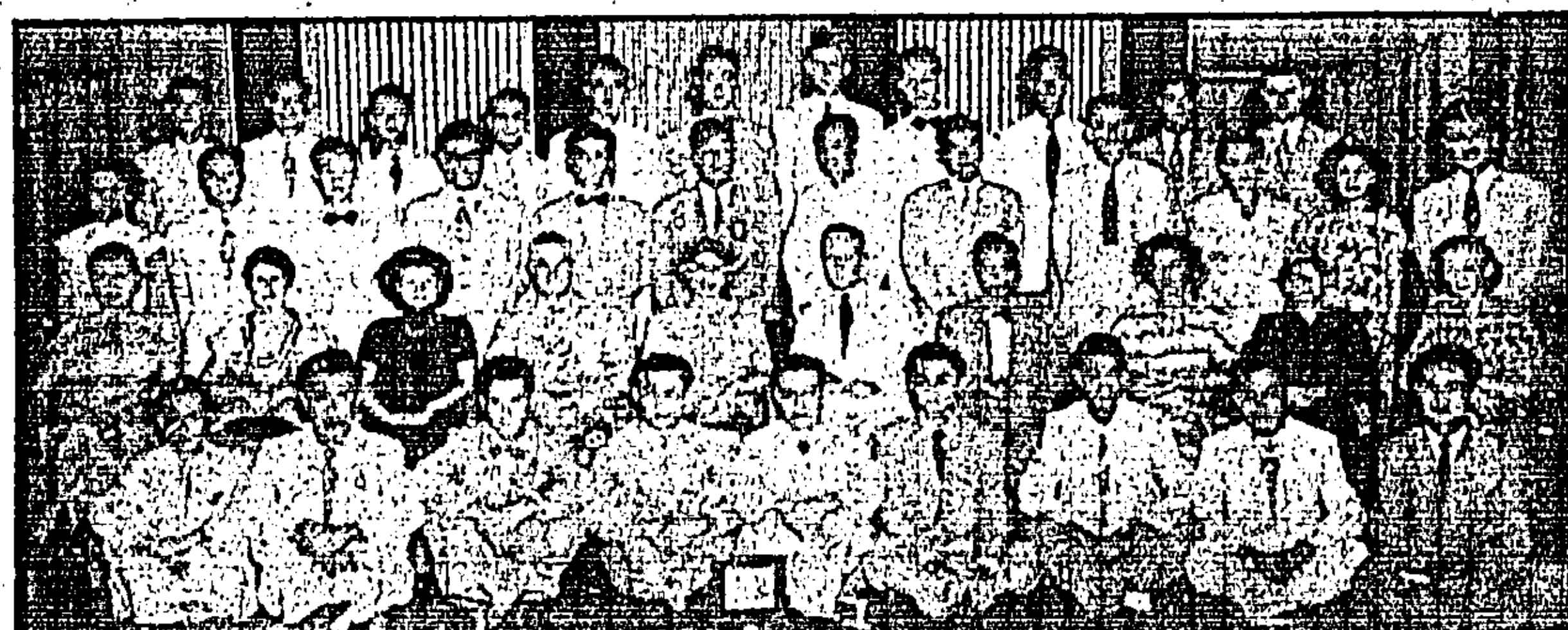
MR Karl L. Rankin, American Consul-General, and Mrs Rankin (right) greeting guests who attended the Independence Day reception held in the Hongkong Hotel. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



ABOVE: The girls' choir of Roydon House, co-educational school run on the Dalton plan. Below: The Principals, Mr and Mrs E. C. Thomas, and the teaching staff of Roydon House.

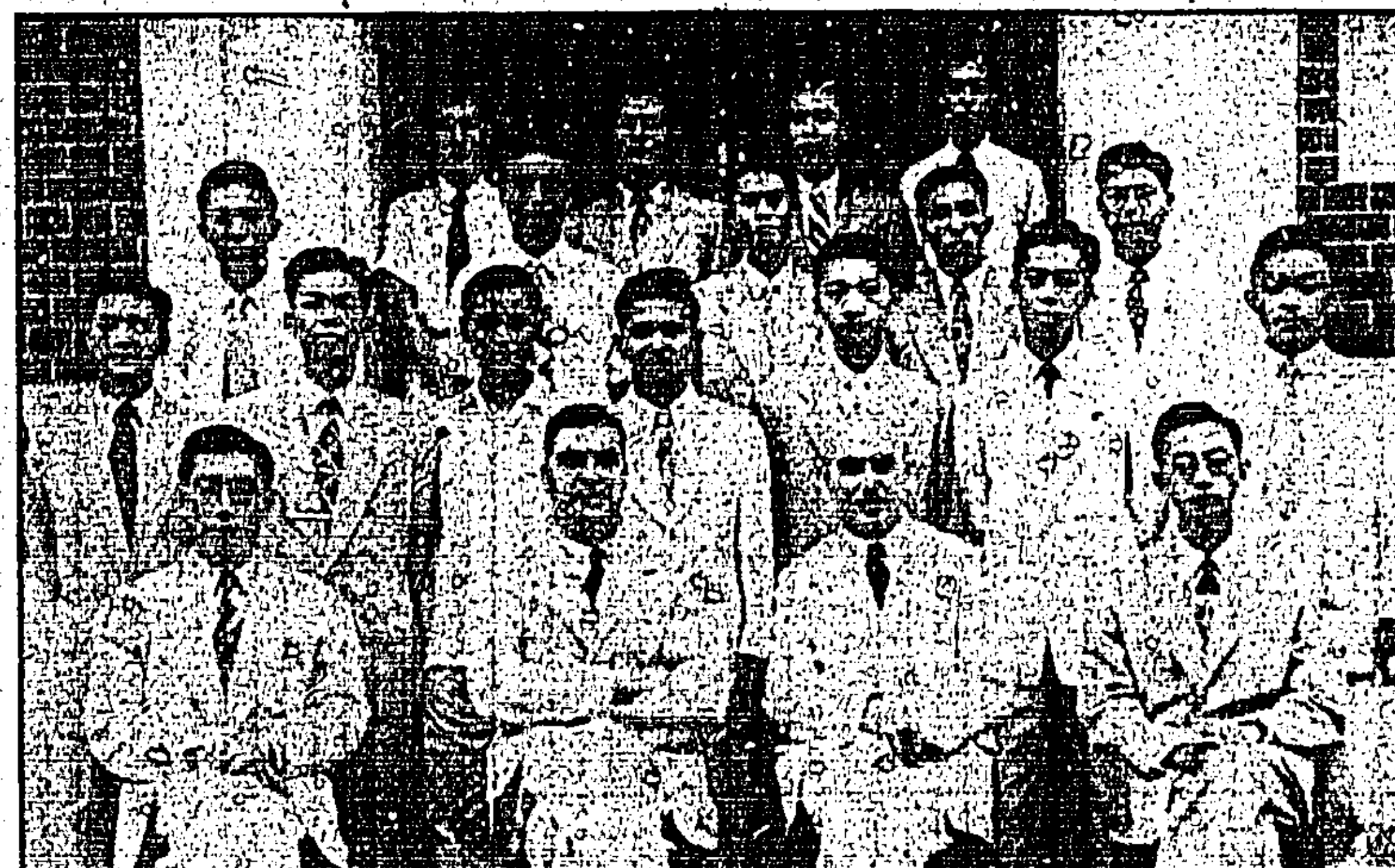


GROUP photograph taken at Central Police Canteen last week when Hongkong and Kowloon Police competed for the McTatla Cup, for twenty-fives, and the Ponfold Cup, for darts. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



SCENE at the Hongkong University on Wednesday, when degrees were conferred on graduates by the Vice-Chancellor, Prof. L. T. Rido. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: The 1950 wireless telegraphy class of the Hongkong Technical College. Second from right, front row, is Mr G. White, the Principal. (Ming Yuen)



GROUP taken at the farewell dinner given to Mrs J. E. Fald by the Engineering and Science faculties of Hongkong University. (Ming Yuen)

LEFT: Group taken at the birthday party for Ian Brown, son of Inspector and Mrs Brown, last week. (Mao Cheung)



RIGHT: Mr W. E. Hollands (left), who is retiring from the Public Works Department after many years' service, being presented with a memento from his colleagues by Mr A. P. Weir, Acting Director of Public Works. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken at a recital given by the pupils of Miss A. M. Remedios at St Joseph's College. (Ming Yuen)

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GROUP photograph taken outside the Mental Hospital on Monday last after a presentation made to Mr L. A. Collier, head male nurse, who is retiring after a quarter century's service. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

relax in

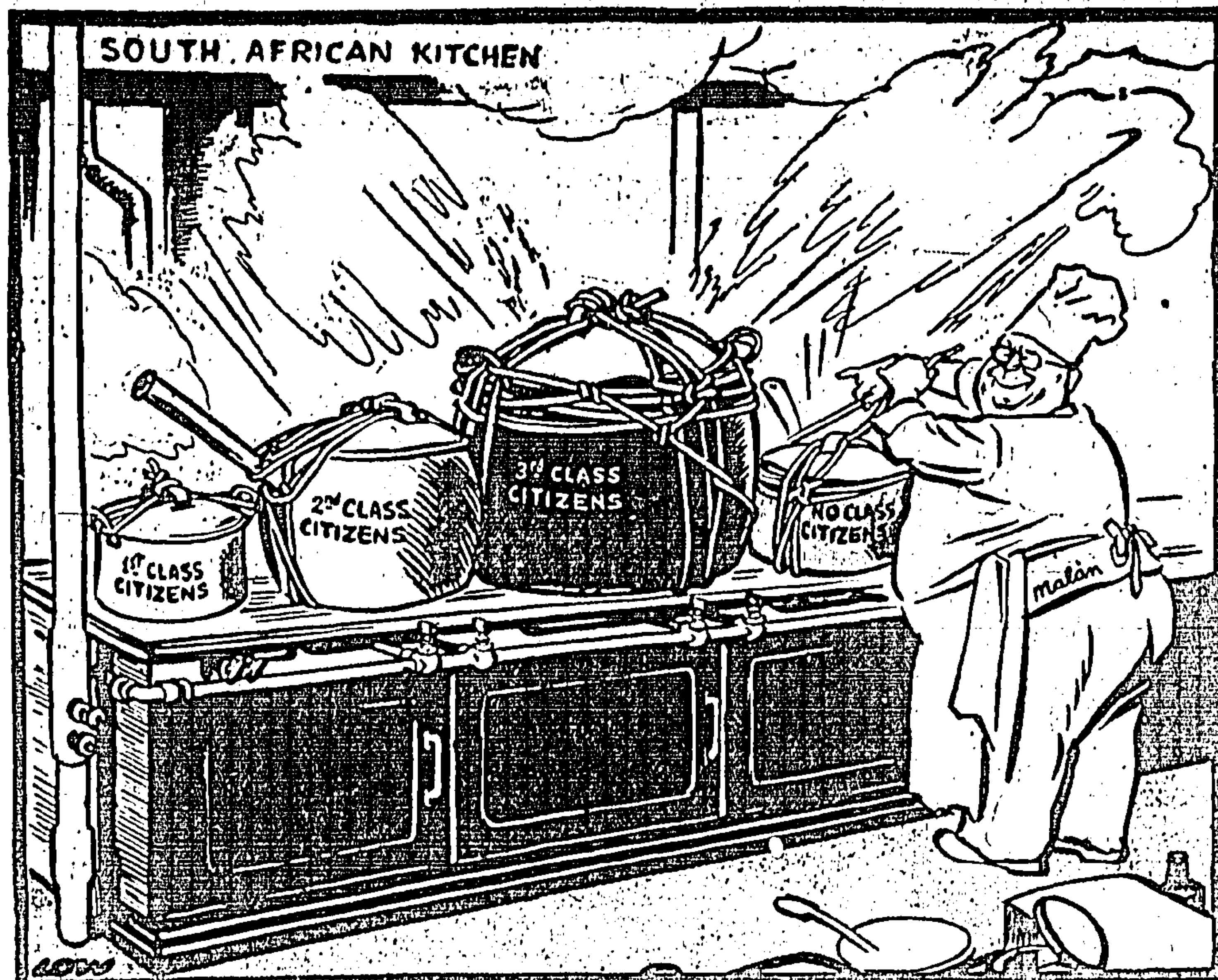
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### HIS NAME IS BIG GAME: IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE A HORSE LAUGH, BUT—

THE only nationalised industry in Britain which is run at a profit stands on its own four feet and is a racehorse named Big Game.

Big Game is lord of the National Stud at Gillingham, Dorset: a stallion that has been earning approximately £10,000 a year for the past eight years.

Other horses, mares, and foals at the stud have helped to swell the total profits to £195,000 since it became a department of the Ministry of Agriculture.

And to whom does this successful nationalised industry owe its existence? To a Tory M.P.

It was Colonel Hall Walker, M.P. for Wides, Lanes, later Lord Waverley, who presented the stud to the nation in 1915.

But take away Big Game and the stud would be just another State enterprise losing taxpayers' money.

This industry that can be led but never driven is to be expanded. More stallions are being acquired for duty at an additional stud at West Grinstead, Sussex.

Fees for Big Game's services are 250 guineas a time, half what a privately owned stud would charge for the services of a stallion of Big Game's reputation.

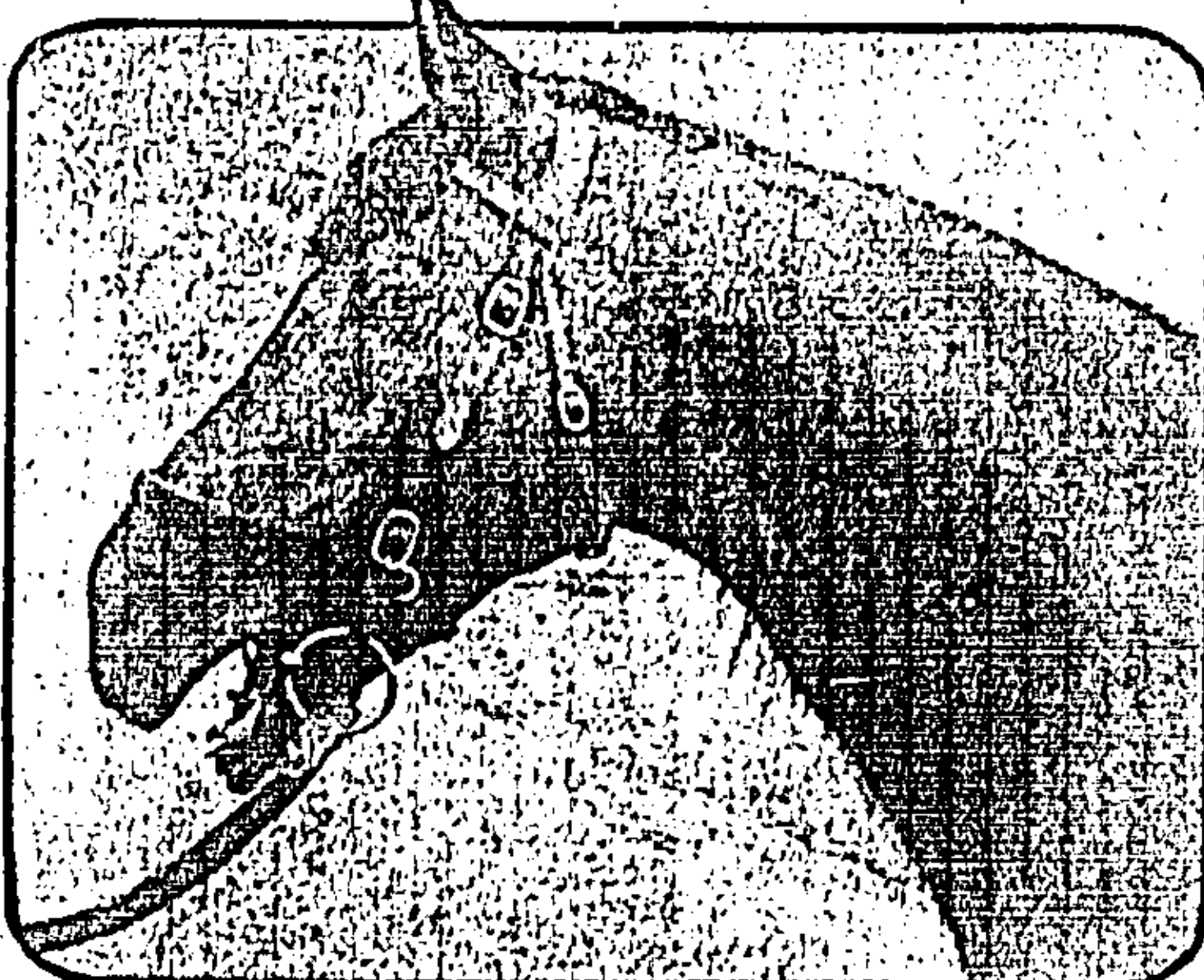
Racehorse owners have for years been in the queue anxious to mate their mares with Big Game, for foals sired by him have consistently been fetching not less than 3,000 guineas each when auctioned as yearlings.

Big Game—now eleven and in his prime—is estimated to be worth £100,000, which isn't hay, though he manages pretty well on just that.

He headed the list of sires of race-winning sons and daughters in 1948, when the National Stud's profits for that year amounted to £50,000.

Big Game's progeny have won more than 50 races: only four percent of all racehorses born ever win a race.

Big Game was put to stud duties after winning the



## He's the only nationalised industry that PAYS

Two Thousand Guineas in 1942, and at Gillingham I found him monarch of a 400-acre domain.

Mr Peter Burrell, whose £1,000-a-year salary is something Big Game could sniff at, runs the stud with a staff of 23.

In theory, any racehorse owner is entitled to the

by  
**GWYN LEWIS**

breeding services of our nationalised horse. In fact, of the hundreds who apply each year for Big Game "nominations," only 15 are lucky in the annual ballot held to determine which mares can be accepted.

Big Game receives visits each year from 40 mares, but 25 of them are specially selected animals. Mr Burrell told me: "These have such high qualities that we do not consider it would be wise to subject them to the hazards of the ballot."

Mares drawn from the ballot also have to conform to high standards of breeding laid down by a committee.

Racing authorities have complained that the National Stud is excessively concerned with profit-making.

Horses bred at the National Stud race under the King's colours, purple, gold braid, scarlet sleeves, black velvet cap with gold fringe.

These horses are leased to the King who pays the cost of training and racing them. The King takes two thirds of any prize money they may win. The remainder goes to the Treasury.

Cattle are retained at the stud to keep down the grass to the length and sweetness appreciated by racehorses.

It has been worked out that eight bullocks will maintain in good order the pasturage required by one horse.

Paddocks are also cleaned each day to keep away parasites, this task calling for the use of shovel and cart.

The cattle contribute 15 tons of beef a week to the national larder.

Living quarters at this equine maternity home are in keeping with its rare status as the only nationalised undertaking that pays.

Foaling boxes in brick buildings at a cost of thousands of pounds are equipped with fluorescent lighting that pregnant mares find soothing. There is also a subdued night light.

As the time approaches when a mare is about to present the nation with a foal, three attendants live in the stables with her.

Adjoining the foaling box is the attendants' "sitting up" room, furnished with easy chairs in delicate pastel shades.



Mr Burrell replied: "We are negotiating for three more stallions. Best of these will be an Italian named Tenerani, who beat Black Tarquin and Arbar."

"Tenerani has been leased to us for three years, and will stand at the National Stud now being prepared at West Grinstead."

"The other two stallions will probably be bought. Fees for one of these may be as low as 90 guineas."

The Gillingham stud, though largely dedicated to one horse, has also 25 brood mares, 18 yearlings, 13 foals, and 300 head of cattle.

Sun Charlot became a matron at the stud after winning the One Thousand Guineas, Oaks, and St Leger. She is the most celebrated of the mares there.

Yearlings born at the stud, some sired by Big Game, some by outside stallions, are either sold at the autumn sales at Newmarket or given careers in racing.

A telephone stands on a table for use if complication arise during the birth. Overhead is a bedroom for attendants not on duty. Another room attached to each foaling box is equipped for veterinary work.

It costs an average of £20,000 a year to maintain the stud.

Profits were rare and losses high in the early years of the stud under nationalisation, but the picture was transformed when Myrobella, daughter of the famed Tetraema, gave birth at the stud to a colt sired by the triple-crown winner Bahram. That colt was Big Game.

Secret of success was given me at the Whitehall end of the enterprise by a Ministry of Agriculture official, who said: "We leave everything to the men at the stud."

The answer to the French challenge may one day be found at the National Stud. Mr Burrell said: "It will be election time here for 350 years concentrated on breeding for speed until the point was reached when staying power had to be sacrificed over distances exceeding one and a quarter miles."

Other fitted cupboards give space for clothes and books. Hall works at a folding table hinged to the back of the bus. Main lighting comes from two electric generators, which also provide current for bed-warmers. If this bus falls there are emergency gas lights.

Water comes from two large tanks. The lavatory wash in the bus for baths go to the University of London. After his final are over in June, Hall will look for a bigger current for bed-warmers. If this bus falls there are emergency gas lights.

## Thanksgiving Square

— by —  
**Ernest Thomson**

TWILIGHT is a reasonable time to visit Mecklenburgh Square, Bloomsbury, London, and if you choose a Saturday evening you can share three-quarters of the square with a few pre-historic automobiles parked economically with lights off beside the lamp-posts, an owl or two hooting in the tall plane trees, and a rich assortment of ghosts.

The other quarter of the square—to be exact, the south side—is completely unghostly. The wisdom of the owl may reside there, but certainly not owls, for the light and hubbub of "London House" have long since driven them away.

London House, as all Britain knows, is the collegiate home of the students from all parts of the Commonwealth, set in the hub of London's university "quarter," only a discus throw from the London University itself, the British Museum, the great teaching hospitals and the Inns of Court.

### In The News

Here at supper time you can meet men from Canada, or the Union of South Africa, India, Australia and perhaps half a dozen remote corners of the Colonial Empire. They sit like shadows past the high walls of Gifford Street with stacks of learned volumes under their arms to join the throng in the big hall. The glow from the high refectory windows, spays out into the dark fastnesses of Mecklenburgh Square—a square which has suddenly made news.

Let us face the fact that, at the moment, London House is the only portion of Mecklenburgh Square that is not dainty, dilapidated and musty with the ghosts of former respectability. But all this is soon to be changed, and it was to get a mental photograph, before it was too late, of this doomed museum piece, that I strolled there the other evening.

For Mecklenburgh Square, poor and faded though it is, has been picked as the transformation scene in a story already told by newspapers and radio all over the world. It is here, through their National Thanksgiving Fund, that the people of the United Kingdom plan to express their gratitude for food gifts to the great Dominions of the Commonwealth, to the United States of America, and to the scattered communities of the Colonial Empire.

### Sacrifices

"It has been well said that the countless sacrifices of ordinary men and women overseas to send us food parcels during and since World War II can never be repaid. As the Prime Minister, Mr Attlee, put it at the Fund's inauguration: 'Our friends, recognising that conditions over here were hard, spontaneously sent practical tokens of their fellow-feeling for us.'"

"But now there is a universal wish that these kindnesses, reaching us when the tide of war was sweeping over our shores, should be acknowledged by the personal gifts of people in all walks of life, all sparing what they can towards a tan-

gible and practical form of "Thank you."

Hence the £2,000,000 scheme to raise and maintain another "London House" on the north side of Mecklenburgh Square for women and married students from the Commonwealth, and to convert the historic set of Georgian houses on the east side as a residence for students from the United States.

### Own Atmosphere

Mecklenburgh Square, though it may lack the medieval dignity of the ancient universities of Oxford and Cambridge, has its own flavoured atmosphere which I think our student guests will enjoy. The last owl may flit away when the pneumatic drills and the concrete mixers invade the quiet precinct, but when the new buildings have been put up, I fancy the ghost of that great and good philanthropist, Captain Thomas Coram, will come slipping across the grassy shade of an evening from nearby Coram's Fields, where, more than two hundred years ago, his home for homeless children was set up before even the rich city merchants had established themselves in Mecklenburgh Square.

For Captain Coram, after knocking around the world for nearly 50 years, had a rare feeling for the lonely and homesick (the good old man was over 70 when he founded his famous "Hospital"), and something of his spirit permeates the neighbourhood still. It is a friendly district, given to good works. One venerable Georgian residence houses the offices of the Nuffield Foundation, world-famous for its benefactions in the cause of clinical research.

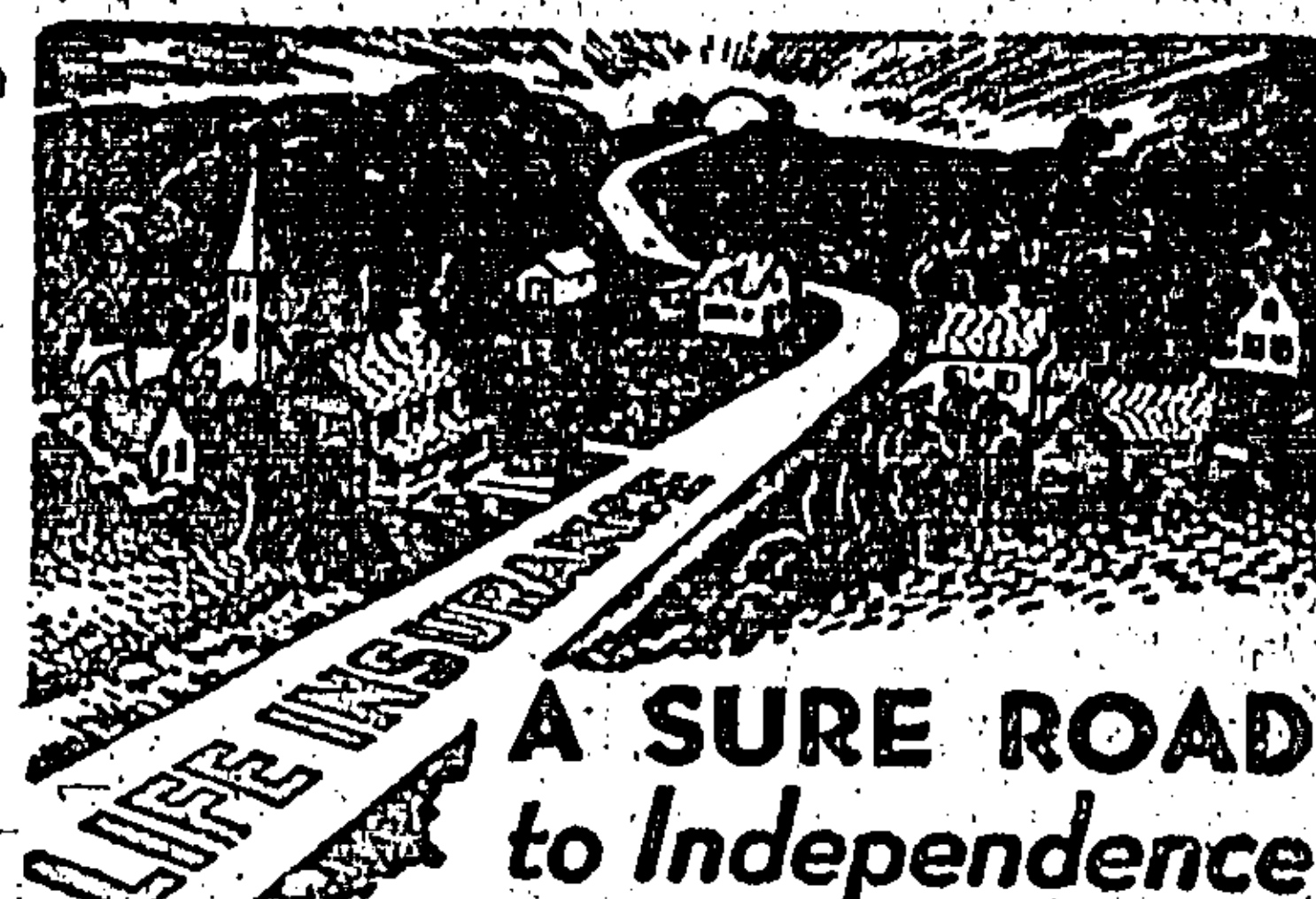
London House itself, erected before World War II and now being extended, miraculously escaped serious bomb damage, but the old stuccoed dwellings on the north side of the Square where the new residence is to be built, a drabbing which has left them looking more noble than elegant. In the moonlight the other evening, they assumed a stark and silvery beauty like the skeleton of some primeval brontosaurus that had died where it stood sooner than admit defeat.

### Conveyor Belt

Meanwhile, Coram's Field, now that the children and their school have gone to the country, are ripe for inclusion in a scheme to weld all this part of London into one collegiate whole for home and overseas students.

There is every reason to believe that the £2,000,000 target figure for the National Thanksgiving Fund will be exceeded within a measurable time, and while much of the money may be concentrated on this corner of the Metropolis, it is worth noting that other cities and towns of Britain in their eagerness to show gratitude to our overseas friends, are clamouring for opportunities of local recognition.

These may or may not be feasible, at least in the early stages. What is certain is that contributions are rolling in to the Lord Mayor of London from every point of the compass. For the first time, too, post offices all over Britain are participating in a national collection. Every post office counter is a conveyor belt for gratitude.



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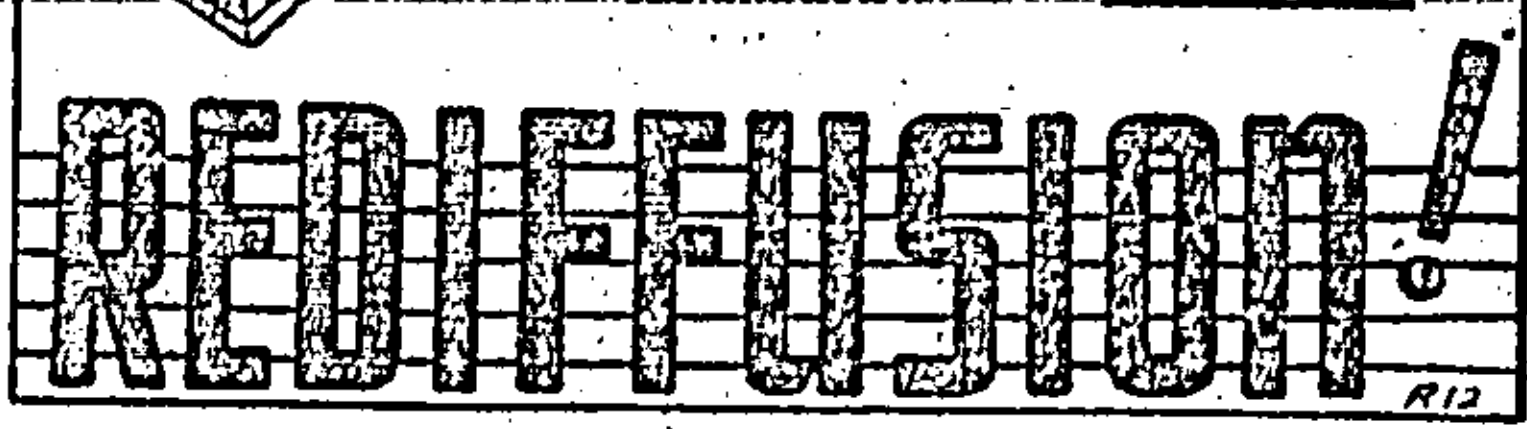
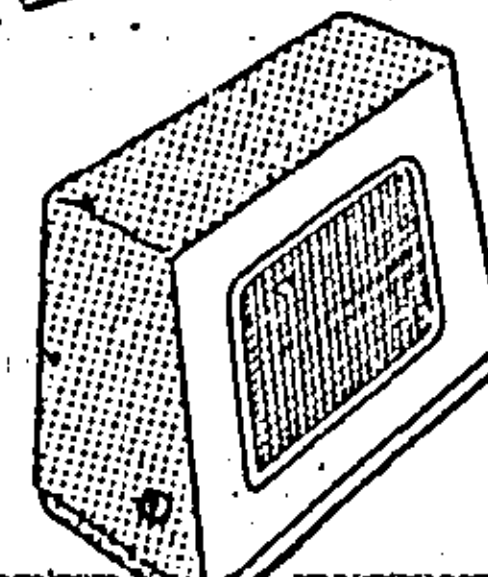
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## London Home For £125

TWO milk bottles tell part of the story of this bus, pictured in a Bloomsbury Square. London University student Gerald Hall bought it at Aldershot last year for £125. Now Hall and his wife Peggy (also in picture) have made it their home. At weekends they drive it into the country.

Hall, 35, is studying philosophy on a Government Grant. He has put on a stone in weight since they moved into the bus.

Inside, the bus is painted cream, fitted with two bunks upholstered in green. Mrs Hall has made flower-print curtains. Lockers have been built below the bunks, and above in what were luggage racks. The bus is heated by an anthracite stove with a detachable chimney.

Mrs Hall, 35, smit, and her husband, who works on a portable gas-stove. This and the sink beside it are hidden by a mangle-covered shelves when not in use. Above them are the kitchen cupboards.

Other fitted cupboards give space for clothes and books. Hall works at a folding table hinged to the back of the bus. Main lighting comes from two electric generators, which also provide current for bed-warmers. If this bus falls there are emergency gas lights.





# BOOKS AND PEOPLE THEY PROUDLY PRESENT—

by JON HOPE

IN the part of the world where I spent my youth superlatives were practically unknown. The highest praise I ever heard was "Not so bad."

Unfortunately for actress Renee Jay, my early training has left its mark. Why Miss Jay? Because she has written a new novel called *Emma Conquest*. It is described to me as "richly romantic, utterly realistic, unforgettable." Such phraseology is apt to discourage me before I even get a glimpse of the cover.

So, Miss Jay, until the book comes from Eyre and Spottiswoode, please forgive me if I restrict further comment to a moneyable "Hm." It's the way I was brought up.

Managing Director A. S. Frere, of Heinemann, is printing 100,000 copies of quaintly titled novel, *A Town Like Alice*, by Nevil Shute. It is due in June. The author's *No Highway*, decorated with the Evening Standard Book of the Month Medal, topped the 100,000 mark. Clever Shute. Happy Shute.

In the days of the British Raj a sport in high favour among the English inclined was to attack our administration of the Indians.

Now all that is over.

Soon it will be three years since the transfer of power, and soon, too, we shall be able to read what a well-known Indian — D. F. Karaka — thinks about things since the wicked British departed. From the time he was first Indian president of the Oxford Union, Karaka's career has been a series of explosions. A lively weekly he ran in India considerably annoyed the authorities. His latest book will no doubt annoy them again. Its title: *Betrayal in India*. Publisher: Victor Gollancz.

Fred Bason, of Watworth, as well as being a bookeller, is a famous collector of autographs. Nearly everybody knows that. But I can tell you something that hardly anybody knows. A diary which Fred has been keeping for about thirty years is to be published by Wingate.

It was James Agate who told this big name hunter: "Always keep a diary and one day it may keep you."

(London Express Service)

## BOOKS

# The private army of Mr. Peniakoff



A CANDID LOOK AT THE BOOKS

WHEN war was declared against Hitler, Vladimir Peniakoff was a 45-year-old sugar refinery manager in Egypt whose spare-time activity was navigating the desert.

He was bored, with club life, disgusted by commercial parasites and fascinated by the Arab way of life.

And Arabs, for Popski (as he was known through his Army career in the Middle East and Italy), were not handsome sheikhs with smouldering eyes, but hardy, simple men who lived nusterly and with courage in the most inhospitable setting in the world.

His early jobs for the Army were mainly reconnaissance patrols hundreds of miles behind the German-Italian lines. Fed and supplied by the Long Range Desert Group, who used the desert as small craft use the sea, Popski grew to know and love his Arabs more than ever.

Indeed, Popski's great friend and ally, Sir John Hume, almost steals the show in *Private Army*.

Popski tells stories of remarkable daring with a strange mixture of modesty and pride. The result is a clear picture of a man, not without faults, who came to control a famous, even at raiding unit known as the War Office, as Popski's Army.

*Private Army* is a delight for its terse narrative, its meticulous accuracy, detail and its soldierly simplicity. Popski estimates the men who let him down through inefficiency or irresponsibility as thoroughly as he praises the men who measured up to his somewhat unorthodox standards.

Former members of the AIF will be interested in the many references to Tobruk in Popski's narrative.

The first half of *Private Army*, the desert half, is a remarkably fine record of desert fighting and hardship. But the later part of the book lapses into yet another old campaigner's story — of interest mainly to the men who were there and somewhat tedious to those who were not.

The main enjoyment of *Private Army* arises from its

recital of unusual facts and its long list of colourful characters. Apart from Popski's enthusiasm about his own adventures and the escapades of others, irregular desert units, *Private Army* has little to offer as a discerning study in humanity.

For anyone who saw service in the Middle East, however, *Private Army* is a completely satisfying record. The maps alone make it worth the money.

*Private Army*, by Vladimir Peniakoff ("Popski"), (Capa, London). Angus and Robertson, 25/-.

## A new novel by a girl prodigy

MISS Catherine Gaskin, of Sydney, caused a literary stir when she wrote *This Other Eden* a remarkably mature novel, at the age of 16.

Miss Gaskin is now 20 and her third novel, *Dust in the Sunlight*, bears out the promise of her earlier books.

Still, *Dust in the Sunlight*, the love story of Ruth Channing, told in the first person, and the action takes place in England, France, Ireland and America. It's a sad story with a happy ending.

The novel has its faults. The characters are much too inclined to ejaculate "God!" at times they act over-theatricality. One would also like to see Miss Gaskin develop a sense of comedy to relieve her penchant for sudden death and tragedy.

Still, *Dust in the Sunlight*, is astonishingly sophisticated for one so young. The scenes during "the trouble" in Ireland are movingly and excitingly depicted, with an authentic touch of tension and underlying tragedy.

It's a pretty safe bet that Miss Gaskin, with experience, will someday write something quite notable in the field she has chosen.

*Dust in the Sunlight*, by Catherine Gaskin (Collins, London and Sydney). Angus and Robertson, 10/6.

## A duel between two Svengalis

ROBERT HICHENS' first novel was published when he was 17. His latest, *Beneath the Magic*, was written at the age of 38.

In those 69 years between the first and latest (with Mr Hichens it would be presumptuous to say "last"), he has written 60 novels, more than a dozen collections of short stories, and several plays.

If we can judge by *Beneath the Magic*, Hichens is a trifle garulous, but by no means senile. His story is remarkably clear in both perception and execution.

Hichens' sixtieth novel is the tale of Sergius Ardley, a Russo-American concert pianist, idol of the musical world.

The author, who studied music as a young man at the Royal College of Music, is, of course, completely at home in the setting he has chosen.

His Sergius is a man who dominates all who come in contact with him. When, early in his career, his wife dies in rather mysterious circumstances, Sergius blames actress Lella Hartmann.

*Beneath the Magic* of his music, the pianist is a ruthless, sinister. His egotism, his refusal to be dominated by a woman, brings him into constant conflict with the actress who fights to mould his playing to her will.

The story of Sergius, the man at the piano, and Lella, the man away from his music, is one of dual personality. The story of Sergius and Lella is that of a man and woman prepared to sacrifice friendships on the altar of their dominating egotism.

Robert Hichens may be 38, but like Bernard Shaw, he still has a lot to say. And he'll probably keep on saying it. *Beneath the Magic*, by Robert Hichens (Hutchinson, London). Dymock's, 11/-.

## THE SPECIALIST DAB AND FLOUNDER —by Walter

RENNETS  
WILL TRAINED  
WATER DOGS  
FOR SALE



## DAVID BLACK'S RECORD REVIEW

### Senor so soothing

FOR quiet moods give me the guitar. Not the electrified gadget used to simulate South Sea balminess, but the eloquent instrument which Andres Segovia has brought out of the mist of prejudice. It has a soothing quality which will turn any man into a musical ecstasist.

There are two records I prefer above all others this month because they bring us the true tenderness of the guitar. One is by the master himself, Segovia, on Columbia LX 1275 he plays the *Sonatina Meridional* by Ponce. This suite is quiet, delicate, a fair which has its basis in the folk music of the Latin world; in its three movements the guitar etches a pastoral scene, moves on to present an engaging song and ends appropriately with a tresta.

**Spanish Songs**  
Second choice (Parlophone, RO 20580) is of soprano Olga Coelho singing three Spanish songs, *Cancion Andalus*, *Nana* (Falla). Here is the guitar used as accompaniment. The songs are a delight and they are enriched by sensitive playing. (London Express Service)

## NEW BOOKS by GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

# Uproar!—And no wonder

THE MUDLARK. By Theodore Bonnet. W. H. Allen. 9s. 6d. 280 pages.

THIS good-hearted but silly novel of Victorian England is built up round the adventure of an urchin named Wheeler, a mudlark.

Wheeler, in other words, is one of those grimy waifs, described in Henry Mayhew's *London Labour and the London Poor*, who earned 3d. a day combing the Thames mud at low tide for old iron, pieces of coal, nails, bones and so forth.

Wheeler does better. Carried up-river on a barge, he goes ashore at Windsor and makes his way into the Castle. There he interrupts the Queen at dinner with the Prime Minister, Disraeli.

The intrusion is by no means welcome. The Queen has been looking forward to Disraeli's visit, for "the alchemic mind" of this Capricious of courtiers, bringing the sheen of glamour out of the commonplace, touching all with romance, always delighted her.

Disraeli, she hopes, that the Prime Minister, sometime during dinner, will ask her to become Empress of India.

Disraeli has, however, a different object from the Queen. He hopes to persuade her to open the Manchester Exhibition of Scientific Industry.

Wheeler's arrival spoils everything. Obviously, it is no moment to speak of exhibitions.

The mudlark is led away by John Brown, the Queen's formidable Scottish gillie, who is "a wistful link" with the gay old times at Balmoral.

Although Wheeler now fades from the story (he is kept indefinitely in the Clerkenwell House of Correction from which, however, he can see the Cutty Sark sailing down the Thames), his invasion of the Queen's privacy causes a tremendous uproar in the land.

This reaches its climax when Disraeli, addressing the House, makes the mudlark a symbol of the under-privileged classes whom he is about to rescue from the reactionary Liberals.

And so, we are led to suppose, the old, "Gothic" England passes away, while Mr Gladstone's whiskers seem to "stand straight out from his face and give off sparks"—and who will blame them!

ter. He writes like this: "Gold scrolls over white soup plates sparkled clear in the Park's sun without." And this:

"He watched Mrs Weatherby glance about with unconcern, with the especially humble half smile she used when in the same room as with what must have seemed to her, inferior strangers, while the waiter stood relaxed behind Abbot's purpling face."

And he tells most of his too-symmetrical narrative in duologues. His characters pair off, change partners, change again—but never stop talking. Reading Mr Green is like watching a very long tennis rally between experts, too evenly matched.

But what is the novel all about? Precious little. Mary Pomlet and Philip Weatherby, respectable civil servants, get engaged, and break it off again. Thus they cause two separate waves of crisis among their frivolous elders, Mary's father and his mistress, Philip's mother and her lover.

Once upon a time, Mary's father and Philip's mother had an affair, so had Mary's mother (deceased) and Philip's father (likewise deceased).

Now, brought together by their children's engagement and its breach, Mary's father and Philip's mother decide to get married. His mistress and her lover also pair off. You will see what I mean by "symmetrical."

You may also gather why Philip of the respectable new generation, says of the older people. They're wicked, darling. They've had two frightful wars they've done nothing about except fight in and they're rotten to the core.

But you may still wonder why Mr Green wastes his fussy talent whipping such thin cream.

## LIBRARY LIST

The Green Tree and the Dry. By Ivan Illich. Hutchinson. 9s. 6d. 240 pages. Another half-successful novel about an unsuccessful revolution in a nameless country for an unidentified cause. Early passages convey, but later 130, some of the real passion of revolt. A few notable characters, particularly one half-symmetrical portrait of a last Police chief.

A Hog on Ice. By Charles Zellar. P. D. Murray. 10s. 6d. 214 pages. A history of the origin and development of pungent idioms, as used here or in America.

*Dust in the Sunlight*, by Catherine Gaskin. Collins. 10s. 6d. 225 pages. A competent, promising story of a young woman's love affair in Ireland (troubled). Miss Gaskin will get over writing about blue eyes that were "velvet slippers" and "beauty of a type which is aseles". (London Express Service)

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

## They Never Would Be Missed By KEMP STARRETT





MAUREEN GARDNER is this week's Guest Expert in the Sports School

# How To Run 100 Yards



The starter orders: "Get to your marks." Maureen settles with both feet to the starting-blocks.

## YOU'RE A MACHINE FROM THE 'GET SET'

Successful sprinting is like a hearty outburst of temper. That is not my phrase—but it is one I like. Sprinting is an explosive, violent form of sport. But, like temper, it can be put to best use when it is controlled.

There is great satisfaction in being able to run fast. And it is over so quickly that the well-trained athlete can actually get a feeling of tremendous exhilaration immediately after racing.

Few runners are born champions. The seemingly straightforward hundred yards race is, in some ways, just as involved in the technical sense as is a Western roll high jump or a hitch-kick long jump.

It is a mechanical process. The starter gives the order: "Get to your marks," and the sprinter is already settled with both feet tight to the starting-blocks. One knee is on the ground, as in the picture at top left of this page.

### UP COMES THAT KNEE

The starter gives the command: "Get set," and that knee comes off the ground. Now the sprinter, as in the top-right picture, is ready for the starting-run, weight well forward on the fingers and the front leg. In another moment she will be on her way at top speed—body well forward, arms working strongly, halfway (and no more) across the body—dashing straight for the finishing line with her eyes fixed on the track ahead.

The arms must be carried with the elbows bent to form right angles—no more and rarely less.

The "set" position on the starting-blocks is governed by mechanical principles.

Distribution of body weight over the leading leg and arms has to be considered in relation to the angle at which the runner will leave the starting-blocks when the gun is fired.

The sprinter learns to keep body weight ahead of the hips. She must understand the principle of rear-leg drive and how to snatch for the track with the leading foot.

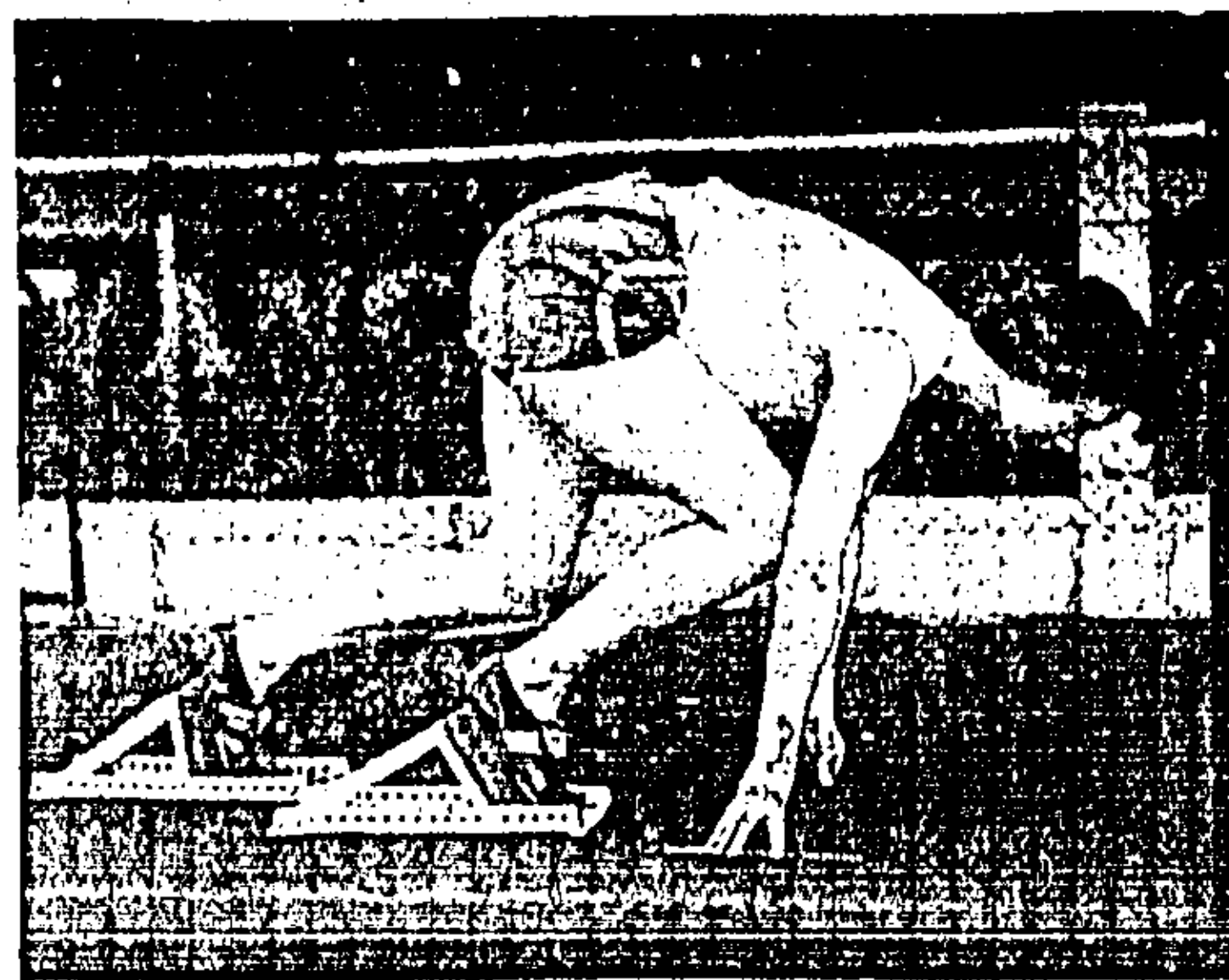
To achieve this perfection of motion in a hundred yards race calls for years of practice. Some people learn quicker than others.

But all have something to learn, even the most natural of runners.

**TAILPIECE:** I have an exercise to add to those I told you about last week—the trunk bending, the back stretching, and so on.

It seems to have little connection with either sprinting or hurdling, but I am sure that it does my shoulders a lot of good.

There is a hanging pole at the Oxford University track, used for training pole vaulters. You just can't stop me from climbing that pole.



"Get set" ... weight goes forward and the knee comes up. And (centre picture), "She's off!"

## AND HOW TO HURDLE...

No one has to work harder in training than a hurdler. Hurdlers are never born. They are made. How good they prove to be depends to a great extent on the skill and patience of the coach.

There is not a hurdler who has not had at least one nasty spill, even in training. And when one hits the track after rapping a hurdle it isn't a pleasant experience.

My husband, who is my coach, groups the hurdle races with the sprints. He says: "Hurdling is sprinting! Never let me hear you talk about 'jumping' your hurdles. Sprint them. Sprint through them and between them."

So think of the hurdler as a sprinter who, while he may feel that it is unfortunate that some one stuck those hurdles in his way, was clever enough to devise a way of making light of the obstacles.

### BAMBOO TIP

It is actually much more difficult for the men than the women because they have to go over obstacles 3ft. 6in. high, whereas our hurdles are a foot lower.

But we must both aim to do the same thing. Sprint through the hurdles, not jump them. That is why you see a brilliant hurdler like Donald Finlay skimming the top of the hurdle and dipping his body well forward as he goes over.

If you want to start hurdling, use bamboo canes as obstacles at first, raising the height gradually according to the progress you make.

Your coach should get you to sprint along the grass, track, or gym floor. Midway between the ninth and tenth strides he will lay one of the bamboos.

Race over this at sprinting speed, first with the bamboo on the ground, then with it raised by stages of three inches.

When the bamboo has been raised so high that it is impossible to go over it without interfering with the sprint rhythm, you introduce the real hurdling movement and you are taught

the rotary action of the rear, or take-off, leg.

The hurdler does more exercises than any other athlete. Much of the technique of hurdling is acquired through repetition of these.

### I SPRAWL

When a hurdler clears an obstacle, his movement calls for a considerable degree of muscular freedom and joint mobility.

His exercises act in the same way as a ballet dancer acquires freedom and range of movement.

But that does not mean that my early ballet training helped me in my hurdling. Ballet dancers' feet should point out to the sides of the hurdler and at 11 and one o'clock. But the sprinter must point straight ahead.

Ballet lets me down there. I still sprawl coming down from the hurdle because, try as I may to correct it, I take-off with my right foot pointing toe-out, instead of straight ahead.

—(London Express Service)

## Jack Dempsey Stays Rich

By FREDERICK COOK

Jack Dempsey, once acknowledged as "the finest fighting machine of his time," is 55—and busier than he ever was during the long period (1919 to 1926) when he held the World Heavyweight Boxing Championship.

He keeps a close watch over his famous Broadway restaurant, is often there to sign autograph books for fans; he is in constant demand as a boxing and wrestling referee all over the USA; he is a partner in oil well operations with wild-west actor Gene Autry; he owns a thriving fruit concentrate firm.

And recently he has formed a new business enthusiasm: real estate investment and development.

William Harrison Dempsey, to give him his formal name, carries the years lightly. He weighs 225lb. now, but is not fat. He still walks with the fighter's catlike tread.

the ring with Louis. He caught Joe "before he was ready." Otherwise he would not have had a chance.

Jack Sharkey came closer to knocking him (Dempsey) out than ever Firpo did; Boxing now is in a deplorable state. The men are lazy. They want to be champions. But they won't put in the work it calls for.

### "WENT SOFT"

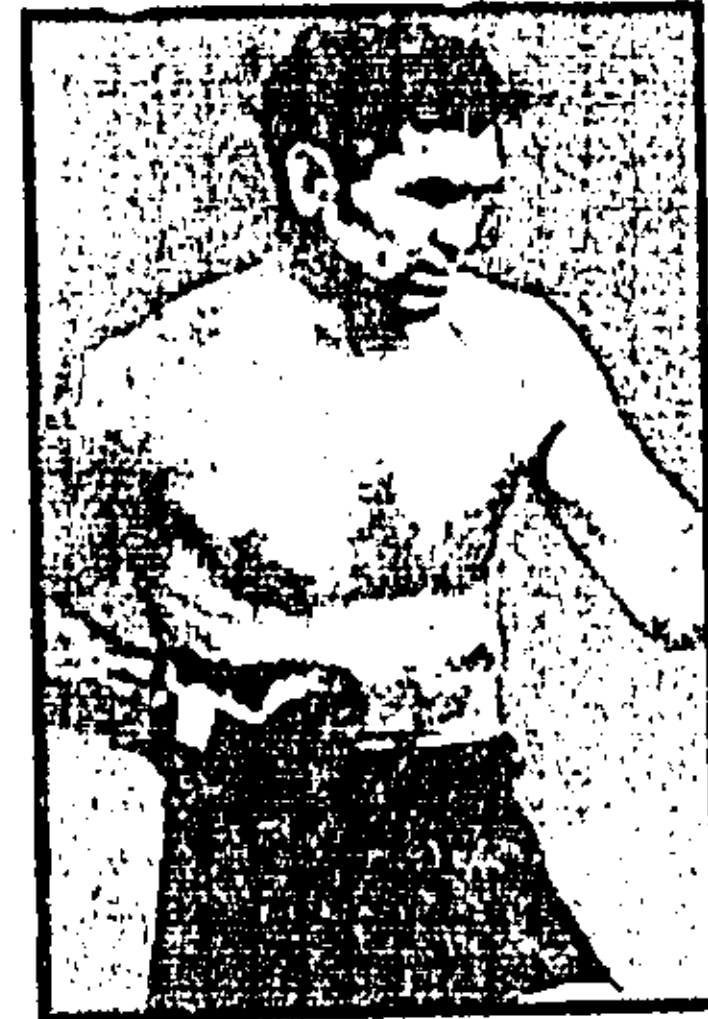
The fight that brings Dempsey the most questions was his memorable encounter almost 27 years ago, at New York Polo Grounds, with Luis Angel Firpo.

That night, at the peak of his power and fame, Dempsey was belted clear out of the ring in Round One, pushed back by the boxing reporters who hastily wrote their "flash"—DEMPSEY KNOCKED OUT—but never had need to send them.

In 57 seconds of Round Two, Dempsey made one of boxing's historic recoveries, and knocked Firpo out.

Now Dempsey admits: "After that fight I began to go soft. I got vain and hid my beat-up nose straightened out."

—(London Express Service)



Dempsey the Boxer.

In the course of a year, he travels somewhat more than 100,000 miles, mostly by air, between his home in California and his main business interests, 3,000 miles away in New York.

### INVESTED WISELY

His home now is three two-bedroom flats in a large block at Santa Monica, which he owns, and which he shares with his brother Joe and their unmarried sister Elsa; his daughters by his third marriage, Jean Hannah, aged 15, and Barbara Judith, aged 13, and their governess.

Dempsey, who made more than \$5,000,000 out of the ring, and invested wisely, admits that his current account today carries a balance of more than a million dollars.

For so many years has he been answering questions from boxing enthusiasts that he now has his replies thought out. Some of his opinions:

Gene Tunney was a better boxer than Joe Louis and could have beaten him. Max Schmeling was one of the luckiest men ever to enter

shot. Colours are on their spots and contact with red is quarter-ball. Strike white above centre and let the cue run through. It is worth trying to make this something to do nothing to out red into the right pocket as the same time as the snooker is played. Here the state of the score-board must be the deciding factor. My snooker dot (diagram right) is rather awkward, since few players like aiming into a "blind" corner pocket. Play at moderate pace, guarding against the in-off in the opposite hand pocket, which means four points penalty.

## Women Should Be Banned From International Sport

SAYS ALAN HOBY

It has always been my opinion that women should be barred from international competitive sport. Indeed, a lot of them don't seem equipped even to run their own athletic affairs satisfactorily. It is not their fault. Nature made them that way. Take, for example, Miss Nancy Chaffee, America's latest tennis glamour gal.

Miss Chaffee hits the ball with masculine power. For a woman, she has one of the finest and fastest forehands I have ever seen. In three years, if she sticks the big tournament circus, she should be the Champion.

But I would much rather see the beautiful and brouned Miss Chaffee, or "Gorgeous Gussie" Moran for that matter, decorating a ballroom or garden party and not—at I saw them at Queen's Club—gritting their teeth and straining their muscles trying to ape men in the sports arena.

### DOESN'T SUIT THEM

Some girl tennis players and swimmers make a graceful and charming picture.

But I maintain that intense sports competition doesn't suit women.

Women should play games for relaxation and exercise. When they go into battle with tightened lips and wrinkle-producing frowns of concentration, the tigress seems to come out in them. They just don't look right.

The truth is that, whatever women do in sport, men do better—including losing gracefully.

But whatever are my personal views on women in sport, there are two girl athletes who have been disgracefully treated. They are 21-years-old Sylvia Cheeseman, British 100 and 200 metres champion, and Doris Batten, 60 metres champion.

### DEATH WARRANT

Recently I said their suspension by the Women's Amateur Athletic Association was a case of autocracy gone mad.

Then it was announced that three other girls had been summoned to appear before the WAAA—Mrs Tyler, Mrs P. Hall, and Miss Jean Desforges.

I predict that the WAAA have virtually signed their own death warrant.

The arbitrary way in which they have suspended Sylvia Cheeseman and Doris Batten for a year without telling the two "victims" their parents, or the public the exact nature of the alleged offences, has aroused general indignation.

All the girls know, is

port of Mrs Ruth Taylor, the women's team manager, they were "not amenable to discipline" during their trip to New Zealand with the British team for the Empire Games.

Well, in the interests of fair play, here is one writer willing to go on record with some facts—even if the mighty, mysterious and secretive WAAA is not!

### CURFEW OBEYED

Sylvia and Doris, childhood friends, went to the same Middlesex school, captained their respective houses at games, while Sylvia was head prefect over 600 other pupils.

Both left without a blemish on their characters.

What happened then on board ship to New Zealand? From an authoritative source I learn that the two girls invariably went around "in a crowd."

They had escorts but always kept to the same small group. They rigidly obeyed the 10.30 curfew and religiously carried out all their training schedules.

### INTENSIVE TRAINING

Every morning from 7.30 to 8 Sylvia jog-trotted for a mile—20 times round the deck. From 11 a.m. to noon she performed her suppling, stretching, and strengthening exercises.

In the evening she did another hour's intensive training.

Mrs W. Hughes, secretary of the WAAA, has been reported as saying that Mrs Tyler, Mrs Hall, and Miss Desforges all "pleased in their training throughout."

No mention of Miss Cheeseman and Miss Batten. But the former was the only English girl sprinter or hurdler to survive her heats and reach the semi-final, surely she too must have "pleased in her training."

### THREE DANCES

You might think, from all the fuss that these single, unattached and typically English girls both enjoy a cocktail or

cigarette or two in the evening.

Wrong again. Constantly in training, neither drinks nor smokes. But in the tropics on their way to New Zealand they did, on three occasions, take a long, cooling drink with a slight alcoholic base.

What were these occasions? At the ship's dances on Christmas Day and New Year's Eve and again at the farewell party.

In my opinion, the WAAA have made a hash of this stupid all-feminine wrangle.

Indeed—they have stirred up such a rumpus that it looks as if the men will now have to step in and take over in order to clear up the mess.

**BRADMAN'S FAREWELL**

Very early in Sir Donald Bradman's cricket career a friend said: "You can't make people love you—but you can make them respect you."

In his "Farewell to Cricket" (Hodder and Stoughton, 12/6), Bradman expresses the belief that he has made people respect him.

But he confesses: "To suggest that I have not deserved criticism on many occasions would be absurd. I have always been first and foremost a human being and therefore prone to error."

**TRIBUTE TO HOBBS**

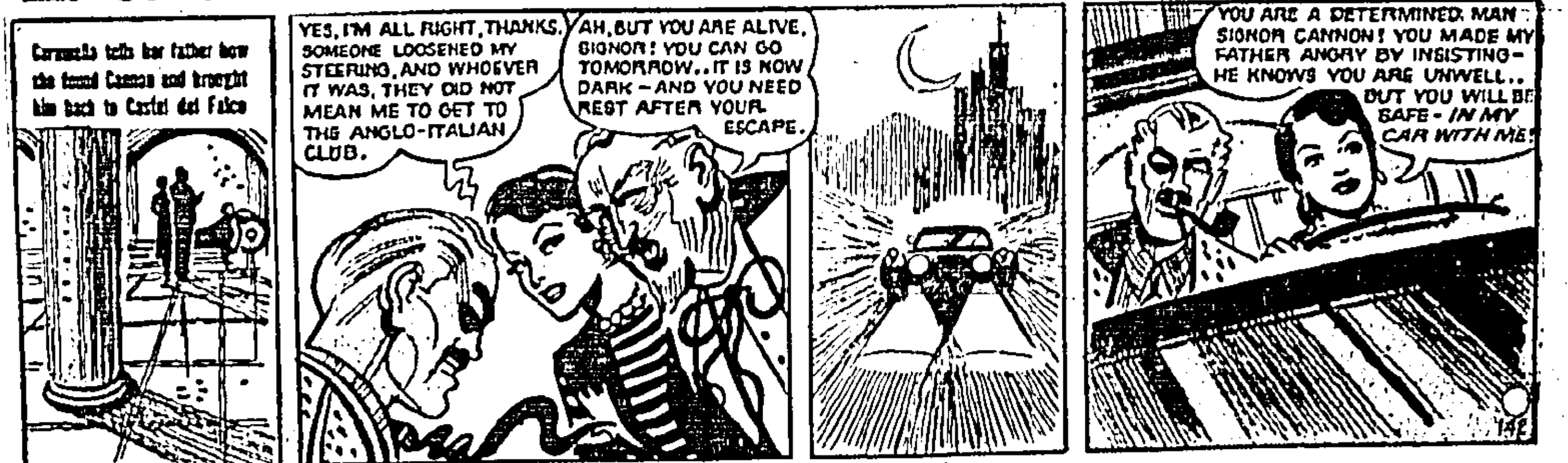
Naturally enough, in his summing-up of 22 years in big cricket, Bradman's praise goes mainly to Australians, but he pays a generous tribute to Jack Hobbs.

"He was the best equipped batsman of all, in the technical sense—English or Australian. I could detect no flaw in attack or defence. Apart from his great skill, Jack's cricket demeanour was always an object lesson."

Of bowlers, he ranks Larwood the fastest of all, and O'Reilly as the greatest he ever played against.

—(London Express Service)

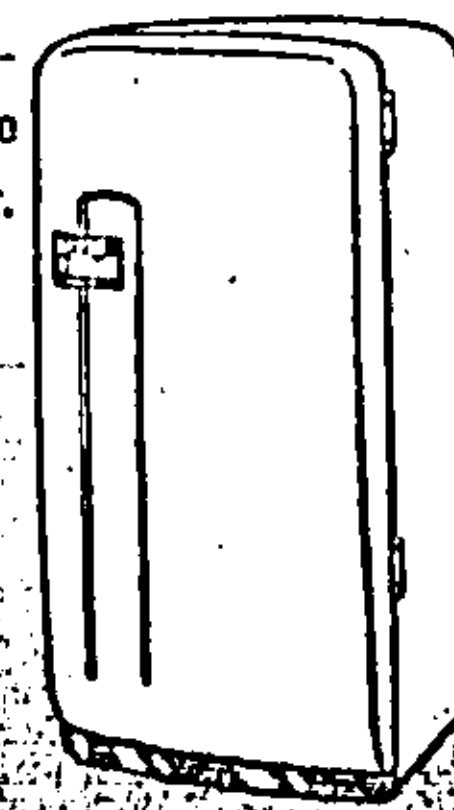
## K. O. CANNON . . . . . THE RIDDLE OF THE ROME REBELS



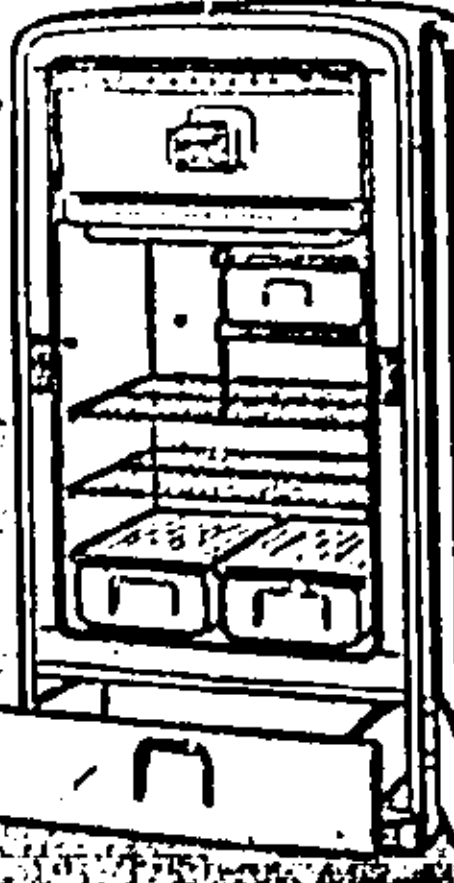
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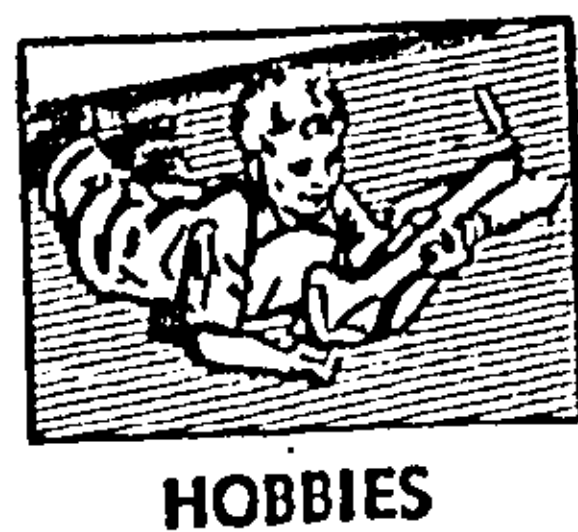




PUZZLES



STORIES



HOBBIES

# The BOYS and GIRLS PAGE



CRAFTS



GAMES



JOKES

Five Fall Into Adventure, THE CHILDREN'S SERIAL

## Trapped in the caves

by Enid Blyton

### CHAPTER 23

GEORGE took the big key and looked at it with awe. "Jo! Is this really the key—and you've locked them all in. Honestly, I think you're a marvel."

"She is," said Dick, and to Jo's enormous delight he gave her a sudden quick hug. "I never knew such a girl in my life. Never. She's got the pluck of twenty!"

They all felt much more lively and cheerful now that they were no longer so dreadfully hungry. Julian looked at his watch. "It's getting on towards evening now," he said. "I wonder what all those fellows are doing."

Three of them were still locked up! No matter how Markhoff had tried to batter in the door, it held.

"Markhoff! Take Carl and Tom and go down into those underground caves," ordered Red at last.



"GET hold of the kids and search them for the key."

So Markhoff and two burly fellows went down stairs and out of the door. They crossed the yard to the door that led to the caves.

They got down the steep steps and were soon stumbling along the narrow, slanting passage, their nailed boots making a great noise as they went.

"There's nowhere to hide," groaned Julian.

Halfway up the wall was a shelf of rock. He hoisted George up there, and she dragged Timmy up too. Poor Timmy—he wasn't much use to them, he was still so bemused and so very sleepy.

Dick got up beside George. Julian found a jutting-out rock and tried to hide behind it, while Jo lay down in a hole beside one wall and covered herself cleverly with sand.

But as it happened, Jo was the only one to be discovered! It was quite by accident—Markhoff trod on her.

Markhoff was flashing his torch up and down the walls to see if any of the children were crouching behind a jutting rock—and he trod heavily on Jo's hand. She gave an agonised yell, and Markhoff almost dropped his torch!



IN a trice he had pulled the girl out of her bed of sand and was shaking her like a rat. "This is the one we want! He said. 'She's got the key. Where is it, you little rat? Give it to me or I'll throw you down the cliff!'"

"All right. Let me go, you brute. Here's the key!"

Markhoff gave an exclamation of triumph and snatched a shining key out of Jo's hand.

"You little toad! You can just stay down here with the others, and it'll be a very, very long stay! Do you know what we're going to do? We're going to roll a big rock over the hole in that other cave's roof—and you'll be prisoners!"

"You can't escape upwards—and you won't be able to escape downwards. You'll be dashed on the rocks by the sea, if you try to swim away. That'll teach you to interfere!"

Julian came out from his hiding-place, looking grim and rather scared. "That's done it," he said. "If those fellows really do block up that hole—and I bet they have already—it looks



Markhoff snatches a shining key out of Jo's hand.

## A novel type of watch

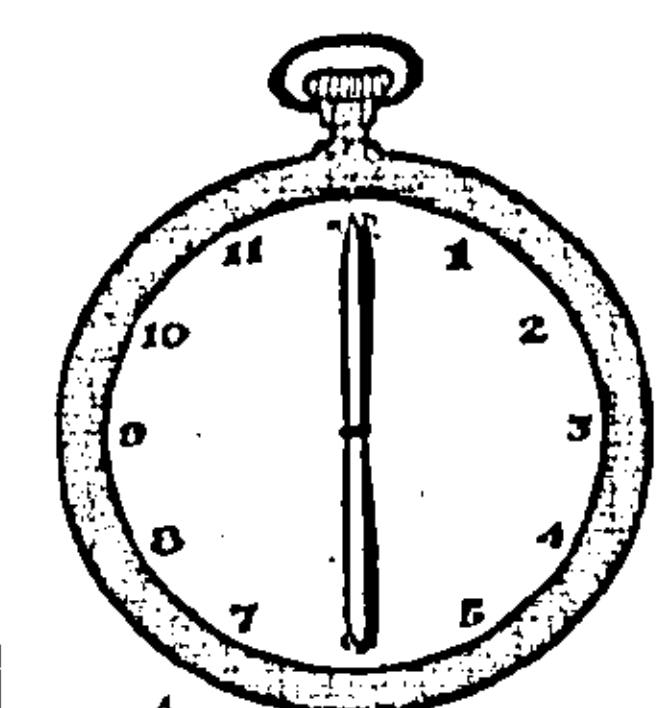
By WALTER KING

MAKE this novel watch for yourself from a piece of cardboard about 2½ inches square and a brass paper clip, the kind shown in the picture.

Draw a watch in ink on the cardboard making the dial of the watch slightly larger than the full stretch of the two arms of the paper clip when opened out. Push the two points of the clip from the back of the card through a hole made in the centre of the watch. Open out the arms of the clip to form two hands which make a straight line and cut the dial in two.

Now if you add up all the numbers on the face of the

### THE WATCH PUZZLE



PAPER CLIP USED FOR POINTERS

watch you will find the total is 78.

The problem now is to move the hands around so that they cut the dial into two halves which contain numbers adding up to the same total, 39. Time the person trying your puzzle with a real watch. The solution must be found within 78 seconds to pass the test.

But be sure you start off with the hands pointing at 6 and 12.

Solution: The hands should cut between 9 and 10 and between 3 and 4.

### What makes a conversation

THE first impression you make on new friends is by the way you talk. How do you rate as a conversationalist?

Do you monopolise the stage, dying anyone else to get a word in edgewise? Or are you an interrupter, interrupting, tart disengagement and flat contradictions are all in bad taste.

Other conversational errors are committed every day: that insistence on talking about personal likes and dislikes. Enough fact isn't shown in steering away from disreputable topics that lead to arguments. In the humorous book, "Cheaper by the Dozen," a rule of the Gilbreth family was that no one could talk at the table unless the subject was of general interest and the children's monologues were frequently interrupted by the remark: "Not of general interest."

Mannerisms, affected accents, poor posture, standing too close to a listener are more faults to be watched. So is using the same phrase over and over until the conversation grows wondrously monotonous.

If you find your words limited, it is a sure sign you need to do more reading. You ought to seek new friends too. Nothing stimulates a tired vocabulary like new friends and interests. Put yourself on guard daily. Leave unsaid the gossip and the unkind remarks that must be whispered.

Be cheerful. Encouragement, humour, enthusiasm and laughter give sparkle to words.

### Logical

When Mr Brown returned from his day's work in the city, he found his 8-year-old son, Harvey, riding his new bicycle while his 6-year-old sister Betsy ran wearily along beside him.

"Harvey," cried Mr Brown, indignant at his son's selfishness, "please explain why your sister must run along beside you while you keep on riding?"

Harvey replied: "Because Betsy doesn't have a bicycle," he answered.

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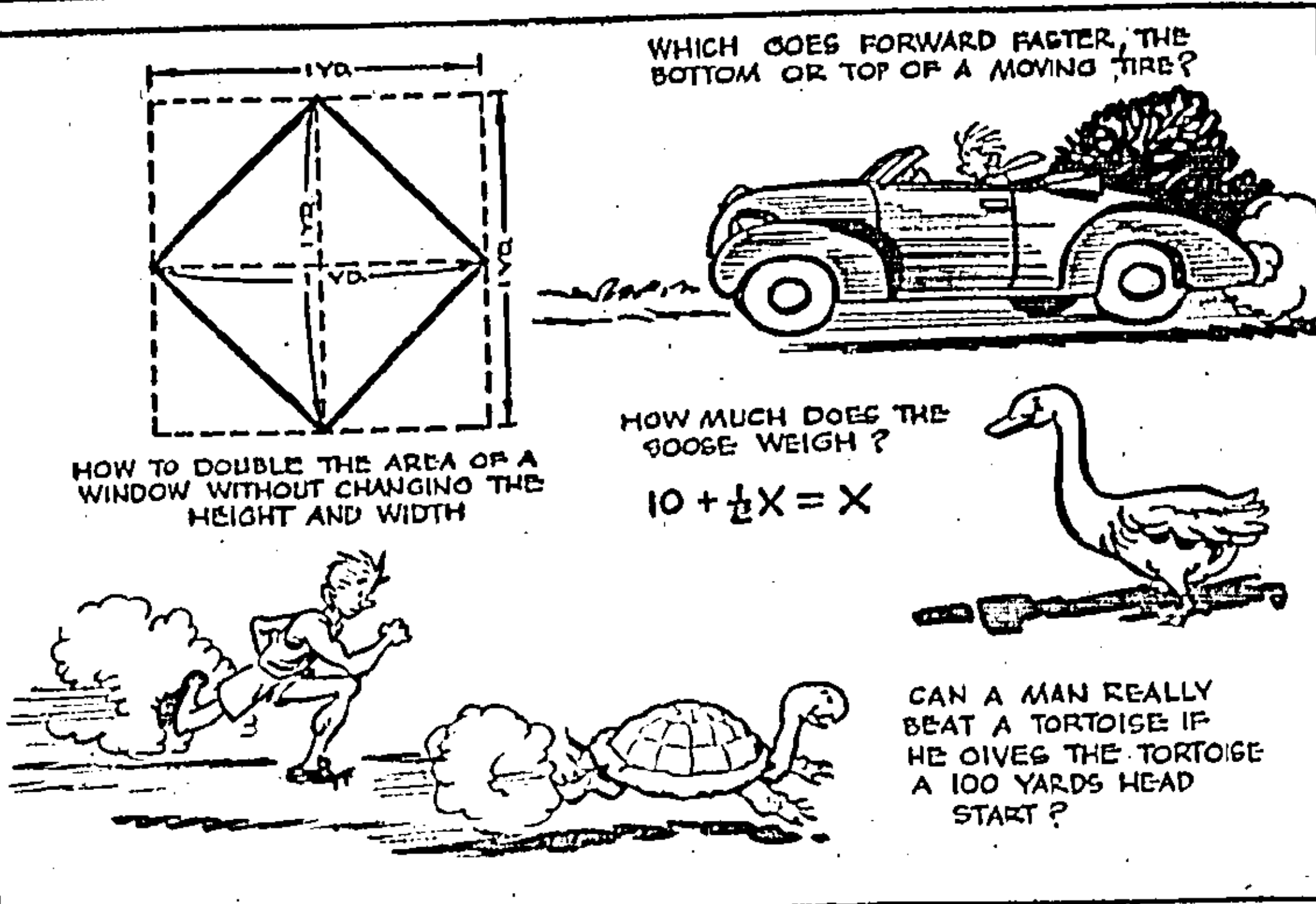
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## Do you want to quibble about it?

ASKS JULIA WOLFE

IT'S puzzling how simple a question can be to cause a hesitation or to bring forth a ridiculous answer. Suppose you ask:

"At any given moment which, the top or the bottom of a car wheel, is moving forward the faster?"

You'd think that the wheel, being part of the car, is going the same speed all over. But actually the bottom of the wheel is moving backwards and the top, therefore, is going forward faster.

That's called quibbling, boys and girls, and it has been a big sport of the

human race for thousands of years. The old Greek and Roman philosophers dealt in quibbles. They are found today on radio quiz programmes. You, no doubt, have quibbled with your friends, or have been quibbled at. Let's try a few.

Here's one that makes you think: "If a goose weighs 10 pounds and half its own weight, what does it weigh?" The first impulse is to answer 15 pounds, but 10 plus half of X equals X. If you know your algebra, you can figure it out. If you don't know algebra, take our word for it. X equals

20. The goose weighs 20 pounds.

Now that we've had our algebra lesson, let's move on to geometry. "A wise man, who had a window one yard high and one yard wide, wanted more light. So he doubled the window's size, yet the window was still only one yard high and one yard wide. How did he do it?"

Of course any quiz kid with an I.Q. of 10,000 can figure it out. The window must have been diamond shaped to start with, and square when doubled in size.

Let's forget the higher mathematics for a while and get down to things we can figure out. Maybe we can, that is.

This quibble is an oldie: "A man walks around a pole, on the top of which you, you little monkey, are sitting. As the man moves, you turn so that you're always facing him. When the man has gone around the pole, has he gone around you?"

AFTER much quibbling, with quibblers finally deciding that the man went around the monkey—by pardon, we mean you. But change the situation just a little and see how it works out:

The same man went aloft in a balloon, anchored by cable to the earth. He stayed up 24 hours, while the earth turned on its axis. Did the man go around the earth? If he did, then he went around you while you sat on that pole.

Zeno was a Greek philosopher who quibbled more than 2,000 years ago. His most famous quibble was:

"A body must be in the place where it is, or the place where it is not. A moving object is a moving body and therefore moving. A body can't be in the place where it is, must be in the place where it is not. Therefore a body can't move."

Don't let it worry you, in case you are going to a movie. You can get there all right. The other philosophers said that Zeno didn't play fair when he said that a body can't be in a place and be moving.

★ ★ ★

ACHILLES was another Greek, not a philosopher, but a soldier who ran a race with a tortoise. Achilles, realising a tortoise is slow, gave the creature 100 yards head start. While Achilles ran the 100 yards to catch up, the tortoise ran 10 yards and naturally was still ahead. While Achilles ran the next 10 yards, and remained in the lead. While Achilles ran the next yard, the tortoise ran one-tenth of a yard, and remained ahead.

You can carry this out into smaller decimals and Achilles never seems to catch up with the tortoise because while Achilles covers the distance, the tortoise keeps moving ahead. Try running a race with a tortoise sometime, and you'll find out the figures are wrong.

Now we'll have one final quibble. Take the statement: "There's an exception to every rule."

Supposing there is. Then there must be an exception to the rule that says there's an exception to every rule. Consequently there is a rule that has no exceptions. So the statement that there's an exception to every rule is false. Do you want to quibble about it?

### BUZZING AROUND

All at once the dragon-fly noticed Hanid. "Why," he said, "wouldn't you like to do a little buzzing around, too, little girl?"

Hanid nodded. She nodded very hard. He was a very good dragon-fly. He screwed round on his other pair of wings and gave them to Hanid. "Go ahead," he urged. "Buzz around a bit with your brother, little girl. I'll stay right here. Go buzz around."

Oh, what a wonderful hour Knarf and Hanid had, buzzing around the garden while the dragon-fly said after they returned his wings, "You ought to grow some of these wings yourself. It's very easy. You just let them grow." But Knarf and Hanid knew it wasn't that easy at all.

"Where did you get wings?" Hanid asked.

Hanid was sorely tempted to say yes. But after giving Knarf to hand about giving her wings back, she didn't feel she now ought to take them herself. She was just about to say no, when all at once there was another buzzing in the air. It was the dragon-fly whose second pair of wings Knarf had "borrowed."

"Borrowed them! From whom?"

"Well," said Knarf, "I happened to see a dragon-fly sleeping on a leaf down by the pond. He had two pairs of wings. I knew he didn't need two pairs of wings. So I borrowed one pair."

Knarf smiled down at his sister and, after buzzing around her head two or three times, more, finally settled down on top of a buttercup a foot or so away. He was grinning.

"Where did you get those wings?" Hanid demanded. "I borrowed them! From whom?"

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